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PICTURE STUDIES

FROM

GREAT ARTISTS

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HALL & McCREARY COMPANY
CHICAGO

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Printed in U. S. A.

P. 1474

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

PREFACE

FEW children may acquire a talent for art, but the cultivation of a taste for good pictures is possible for nearly every child. Art in the school room is not "for art's sake," but for life's sake. If this ideal is to be realized, the teacher's chief aim in picture study must be the bringing about of an intelligent appreciation of some of the world's great paintings: "The more things we learn to know and enjoy, the more complete and full will be for us the delight of living."

Browning has said, "We love first, when we see them painted, things we have passed perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see."

These studies are intended as suggestive material for the teacher. The simple message, the human truth portrayed in the picture, should not be overcrowded with too much information or too many technical details. The teacher's comments are secondary and supplementary, and should merely guide the child's thought and observation. Her chief concern is to get the child to see, to think, to feel, and to rightly interpret the message of the picture.

SUGGESTIONS

Method. Often place the picture where the school can observe it for a day or two before the class discussion. Encourage the pupils to give their own interpretation first. Their free comment will guide the teacher in giving the needed help, whether additional information or suggestive questions which lead to a correct interpretation of the picture.

Associate and teach the name of the picture and the artist. Frequently review in this way all pictures studied (pupils naming the picture and the artist who painted it.) To be able to do this will greatly add to their interest in visiting art galleries and exhibits when the opportunity comes. It is a real joy to the child to be able to point out one of Landseer's dogs, or to say, "There is Ruysdael's 'Mill,'" or "Here is 'Baby Stuart,' by Van Dyck, and 'Feeding Her Birds,' by Millet;" or, "I saw three of Millet's pictures, Mother, and two of Raphael's—guess what they were!"

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Occasionally exhibit all the pictures the children know. Let them tell which they like best; describe one for the others to guess; write about their favorite picture; let them name the artists who painted animals; the landscape painters; the Madonna painters; a painter of peasant life; the portrait painters. Teacher name picture; school name the artist; teacher name an artist, pupils tell pictures painted by him.

As far as possible present the pictures in season and as supplementary to literature, history, geography and other regular school studies. For example, when the class is reading "King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table," or Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," the picture of Watt's "Sir Galahad" could be presented. "Pilgrims Going to Church," "Return of the Mayflower," by Boughton, and "Landing of the Pilgrims," by Rothermel, will be introduced auxiliary to the Story of the Pilgrims. The ingathering of the autumn harvest will suggest Millet's "Gleaners," "The Angelus" and others.

Spring days, when new life is stirring, offer the opportune time for looking at Millet's "Sower," Bonheur's "Oxen Plowing," and Corot's "Spring" and "Dance of the Nymphs."

In the main, the pictures have been grouped according to season, or as they might be presented during the school year—beginning with pictures of home life and childhood. Some are arranged in the order of sequence, as the Christmas group followed by those portraying the later life of Christ.

Only a small number of the pictures which every child should know are included in this volume, but these, it is hoped, will awaken an interest in other pictures and inspire further study.

L. M. W.

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TWO MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN

Gardner

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TWO MOTHERS AND THEIR CHILDREN—Gardner

This charming scene of domestic life, in which mother love and devotion is the motif, and which awakens a responsive thrill in the heart of every mother worthy of the name, makes its appeal also to the child heart.

The central figure of the scene is a beautiful child, the picture of innocence and purity, looking up with questioning word into the face of the fond mother, whose arm encircles the plump body of her little one. The child is learning a lesson from the hen and her chicks, who is as anxious for the welfare of her brood as the human mother is happy with and proud of her own little one.

Mother-instinct and mother-love is what the artist wishes to portray.

METHOD

Take plenty of time for silent observation. First let the picture make its impression. Give the pupil a chance to see and feel and think for himself. Then only is he ready for expression. The number and nature of the teacher's questions and comments will be determined by this expression of the pupil's own thought, and will be such only as to stimulate and direct the child's observation and his free comment. (The teacher tells the name of the picture and writes it on the board.)

Do you think this mother loves the little one standing at her knee? How has the artist shown this? Who is the other mother in the picture? How many children has she? Do you suppose the little boy likes to feed the chicks? What fun to watch them hunting for stray crumbs in the cracks of the old stone floor! What do you suppose little curly head is saying to his mother? You see he points a questioning finger at Biddy. Mother is saying, "The hen loves her chicks and tries to take good care of them, just as I love you and care for you and baby sister."

Where is the baby? What sort of a bed has she? The hood of the quaint little cradle protects her from the light and the chilly air.

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Why is she strapped in? Do you think brother likes to rock his baby sister? Sometimes he tries to sing the lullaby he hears his mother sing:

“Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

“Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the bright moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!”

What else can little brother do to help mother? He likes to scatter the yellow meal in the yard for Biddy and her family.

“I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
She clucked, and she scratched, and she bustled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say: ‘The sun never did shine
On anything like these chickens of mine.’”

What do we see on the chest that stands against the wall? Mother will cook these fresh vegetables for dinner. Can you find the sauce pans?

Is this family rich? How do you know? (Plain, homely interior, no rug on the stone floor; mother, as well as child, wears no shoes.) But she is happy with her children, and loves them just as dearly as if she lived in a palace.

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THE ARTIST

Our picture was painted by an American artist, Elizabeth Jane Gardner. She was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1842, graduated from the Auburndale Seminary and went to Paris in 1867, where her professional life has been spent. There she studied under various French masters, among them Bouguereau, and afterward opened a studio of her own among many distinguished French artists.

She is now the wife of Bouguereau, her former teacher, and still lives in Paris.

Her pictures have been exhibited constantly in this country and abroad and have been warmly praised, especially by foreign critics. She excels in pictures of women and children. Among her works are "Moses in the Bulrushes," "Cornelia and Her Jewels," "Ruth and Naomi," "Maud Muller," "Cinderella," "Daphne and Chloe," and some portraits.

PRIMARY READING

What a happy home!

Mother loves her babies.

Little brother has been having his lunch.

Biddy Topknot brings her family for a share.

Is Curly Locks trying to hide his piece of bread, so the hen cannot peck at it?

Biddy likes to visit the kitchen.

How proud she is of her ten fluffy chickens!

"Cluck, cluck!" she says, "Did you ever see such dear downy darlings?"

Curly Locks loves to hold the soft little things in his hands.

He likes to scatter bread crumbs for them.

The chicks say "Peep, peep! Thank you, thank you!"

When the last crumb is gone, Biddy calls her chicks to the yard.

They nestle down cosily under her wings.

What a nice feather bed they have.

Then mother takes her baby boy on her lap.

She says:

"The chickens are all asleep in their feathers so warm,
And my little chick will sleep here on my arm."



FEEDING HER BIRDS

Millet

FEEDING HER BIRDS—Millet

Did you ever see a mother bird feeding her young ones? How do the hungry baby birds look? (Reach up and open their mouths wide.) Do these little folks on the doorstep make you think of birds in a nest? Who can tell the artist's name?

Millet must have had in mind a nestful of birds being fed. Do you think this a good name for his picture? Why? (Bring out similarity between the family and the bird life.) The children sit close together in the doorway as snugly as birds in a nest. Comfortably dressed in peasant fashion, in their long aprons and wooden shoes, they look as much alike as three young birds. In the mother we see the brooding attitude of the mother bird. The extended hand, holding out the nice spoonful of hot broth, is like a mother bird's "beakful" which finds its way to the young bird's wide open mouth.

The father, too, at work in the garden near by, has his share in the care of the family.

What have these children been doing? How happy the little boy was when his father made him that little cart, though it is only a rough board set on clumsy wheels. Do you suppose he has been giving the big sister's doll a ride? But the cart, as well as little sister's basket, are quickly thrown aside when they hear mother's voice from the open doorway:

"Come here, little birds.
Mother wants to feed you.
Sit here on the doorstep,
Like three little birds in a nest."

The mother feeds her children as mother birds do.

What do you suppose she has in the steaming bowl?

Who gets the first bite? The little girl's mouth opens, too, unconsciously, as she watches. Do you think the sisters are kind to little brother? Are they unselfish? How does the picture show this?

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An inquisitive hen is hurrying up to see what good things there are to eat, hoping that she may share in the feast. How well Millet has painted her!

Beyond the garden we get a glimpse of the shady orchard. Thru the open gateway, the busy father can see the family group in the dooryard.

Here in the vine-covered, rough stone cottage with mother love and father care, what a safe and happy "nest" the young "birds" have.

The simple story of this picture is within the comprehension of all. They will delight in it. Lead them to talk about the principal group—the central thought, first, subordinate details later.

In "Feeding Her Birds" Millet has appealed to old as well as young. We feel the charm of this humble home life. The mature heart and mind reads life's best meaning in the homely virtues, the loving unity and contentment portrayed. Millet makes us feel with Whittier that "this world would be a dreary place, were there no little people in it."

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.
No little forms like buds to grow,
And make the admiring hearts surrender;
No little hands on breast or brow,
To keep the thrilling love chords tender
The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature, more inhuman;
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less the woman.
Life's song indeed would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

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POSING THE PICTURE

Let us pose "Feeding Her Birds." Name all the persons needed. Who will be the mother? The sisters? Would Ralph like to be the little brother? Howard may fix chairs (or bench) for the door step. Now something for the mother's seat.

(Children study picture again before taking their place. Let the others criticise or suggest and pass judgment on the representation. Only when necessary let the teacher assist with a suggestion as "Whom is little sister watching?" "I wonder if we will be able to tell what big sister is doing.") Yes, we must not forget the father. Robert will show what he is doing?



SAVED

Landseer

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SAVED—Landseer

See the faithful dog!

His strength is almost gone, but he has brought the drowning child to a place of safety.

He has risked his own life but how glad he is that the little playmate he loves is saved.



A MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY

The sea birds, too, seem interested in what the wise old dog has done.

Where has the child been playing?

Her gentle protector came with her.

He is a fine Newfoundland dog.

He follows his little charge everywhere to see that no harm comes to her.

She lives near the water.

Perhaps the child was digging in the sand or gathering pretty shells by the seashore.

But she went too near the water's edge.

Quick as a flash the brave dog leaps into the water and brings the child to land.

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Here is another picture of the same dog.



MY DOG

Would you like to have a dog like this noble animal?

How finely Landseer has painted these dogs. They look as if they could speak to us. We would like to stroke this glossy coat and pat that silky head.

But the message the pictures bring impresses us even more than the artist's fine skill in painting. It makes us feel that this dog belongs to a band of heroes whose noble deeds should be repaid by man's greatest kindness and sympathy.

THE ARTIST WHO "DISCOVERED" THE DOG

Edwin Landseer was an English painter. His father was an engraver. Edwin was born in London in 1802. He was the youngest of a family of boys. He could draw well at the age of five, indeed all the Landseer children had been fond of drawing almost from babyhood. When people saw the brothers at work they might say: "They are drawing some kind of a dog," but of Edwin's work they would say: "That is surely a spaniel," or "That is a Collie," or again, "The boy is drawing Dr. Dobb's old gray horse." One of the artist's best pictures of horses is seen in his painting called "The Blacksmith."

Landseer loved animals and liked to study their ways. Once he went hunting with his friend Sir Walter Scott, among the rough

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mountains of Scotland. One day a deer bounded across his path. Landseer raised his gun to fire. Then quickly he changed his mind. Tossing his gun to his servant, he took his pencil and quickly made a sketch of the fine animal. The fleet footed deer was soon gone, but Landseer was happier with his picture than he would have been with the dead deer.

In the mountains of Scotland he saw many deer. Afterward he painted beautiful pictures of them. He painted a stag with great antlers. He named his picture "The Monarch of the Glen." It is a fine picture! The deer holds his head high. His eyes are very bright. He seems to be listening. Does he hear a strange noise? Perhaps he sees the hunters and their dogs. He must run swiftly to the mountains. In the wild mountain passes he will be safe.

You will like Landseer's picture of "A Deer Family" too. In this picture the doe and a fawn are with the stag. They all hold their heads high. The fawn has no antlers. Has the doe antlers? They like the sweet grass of the hillside. They find water to drink from the mountain lakes.

Landseer owned many pets and painted all their pictures you may be sure. If you could have visited his studio you might have seen pictures of cats, monkeys, lions, horses, deer and many dogs—big dogs, little dogs, spaniels, terriers, bloodhounds, deer hounds, mastiffs and curly little poodles. You see he liked best of all to paint the animal he loved best—man's most faithful companion, the dog. It was his skill in painting dogs in their relation to man that made him famous while he was still a young man.



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CAN'T YOU TALK—Holmes

Here is a dear baby boy and his two good friends. The baby has just learned to talk. How he loves to talk to the kind old dog. And the dog seems to understand. They are good playfellows.

The dog likes the baby. How gentle he is. He will not let any harm come to the baby. See how trustingly the baby looks up into the fine old collie's face. He will put his arms around the dog and pat his shaggy coat. The dog says "Bow wow," which means "Come and have a romp with me." Kitty says "Meow-meow, I want to play too."

Come out, kitty. You are welcome. Your friends are both fond of you.

(This little story is intended only to supplement the free expression in connection with the study of this picture, which is especially attractive to young children. The dominant thought is the almost human intelligence shown in the dog's face. Compare this with some of Landseer's dogs, which is quite as human as any he has given us.)

THE ARTIST

Mr. G. A. Holmes, the artist who painted this picture, is noted for his power of painting sweet, innocent child faces. The most difficult faces to paint are those of little children. In all his paintings we find that he connects a child with some household pet. It may be a kitten, a pet lamb, or a big dog. But always the face of the child shows gentleness and love.

One of the most popular of Holmes' paintings is the one which is shown on the opposite page—"Can't You Talk?"



THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

Reynolds

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STRAWBERRY GIRL—Reynolds

Here is a little village maiden.
She looks at us timidly with big dark eyes.
Her hands are folded in a prim, old-fashioned way.
I think she is ready to smile at us, if we show ourselves friendly.
Let us hear what she has to tell us.

I am a little English girl.
My home is in the country.
How do you like my tall cap?
See my quaint strawberry basket.
Can you guess where I am going?
Would you like to go with me?
It is fun to pick wild strawberries.
I know the spots where they ripen earliest.
O, such delicious strawberries!
We will find flowers, too, all that my apron will hold.
We will fill the basket with fine, red berries.
Do you know who painted my picture?

THE ARTIST

It was Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great English artist, who painted "The Strawberry Girl." Miss Theophila Palmer was the little girl's real name, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was her uncle, who lived in the great city of London.

Every summer Sir Joshua visited his old home in the country. Once he brought back with him his little niece, Theophila Palmer, whose father had just died, leaving very little money for his family. Theophila seemed too big a name for such a little girl, so she was called "Offy."

When Joshua, as a young student in Rome, was needing money Theophila's mother had helped him. He was rich now, and wanted to

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do something to help the family. So it happened that little Offy went to the great city of London to live with her favorite uncle.

Sometimes the little girl became homesick and wished she might be in the country again. She missed the birds, the wild flowers, the quiet woods and all the things of the country she had learned to love.

One day her uncle found her walking about his studio with an odd little basket on her arm, bending down as if looking for something. She was playing at picking strawberries.

As she stood before him with dimpled hands, big black eyes, and mouth as sweet as a berry, a happy thought came to him. Why not paint a picture of Offy as a Strawberry Girl. So we have this quaint and winsome portrait which is the most original of all Reynolds' works, and the one he liked best.

Reynolds has been called "The Prince of Portrait Painters" and he takes first rank as a painter of children. Many people agree that among the loveliest portraits of children ever painted are "The Age of Innocence," "The Infant Samuel," "Angel Heads" and "The Strawberry Girl."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, born at Plympton, England, was the most famous of English portrait painters.

His father, who was a clergyman and also headmaster of the Grammar School at Plympton, was very anxious that Joshua should be a physician. As a boy in this Grammar School, Joshua made poor work of his Latin, but was fond of drawing and made sketches of anything that interested him.

There is still to be seen a page of Latin done by him, when he was twelve years old. It starts out neatly, but the sheet is soon blotted and carelessly written. At the bottom of the page is a picture and beneath it his father has written: "Drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness."

One morning during a long sermon at church, the restless lad made a sketch of the rector upon his thumb nail. When church was over, he ran to his "studio" (an old boat house on the beach) and copied his picture upon a piece of sail and painted it with ship paint.

The boy did not like the idea of being a doctor. He said to his father: "Let me study with a fine master and I am sure I can become a great artist." The father, being a sensible man and recognizing his son's ability, finally yielded to his desire, and took him to London. Here he studied under Thomas Hudson two years, when the master

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became jealous of his pupil, who could paint as well as he, and dismissed him.

He set up a studio for himself and during the next six years, three spent at home and three in London, many of the rich and fashionable people came to him to have their portraits painted. During this time his father died, but he had lived to see his son's success as an artist.

At the age of twenty-six Reynolds went to Italy, and studied the art treasures there for three years. Here as a result of a cold contracted while working in a damp corridor of the vatican, he became deaf. He afterward returned to London and re-opened his studio there.

During his successful career of forty years, he painted nearly three thousand portraits. He could not have done this but for the help of the faithful Giuseppe Marchi, whom he found as a little ragged Italian boy on the streets of Rome, and who became his guide about the city. He carried the artist's kit and taught him Italian. Reynolds bought him a small painting outfit and a good suit of clothes. He became so deeply attached to Reynolds that he followed him to Paris, walking the distance of three hundred miles to join him, and returned with him to London.

For forty years he lived with Reynolds and worked for him, receiving servant's wages. He did a great deal of work on Reynolds' paintings, filling in the backgrounds and painting draperies.

It was quite the fashion for the nobles and princes, court beauties, great literary men and statesmen to come to Sir Joshua to have their pictures painted, so a great deal of wealth came to him.

Reynolds never married. Until Theophila came to live with him, his two sisters kept house for him. At her uncle's house Miss Palmer met many fine people. She lived with Sir Joshua until she was twenty, looking after his comfort and reading to him when his eyes grew dim. Then she married one of his friends. For the last three years of his life, his sight failed, and he had to give up painting. He lived sixty-nine years and had many friends. Few artists ever had such a happy, easy life.



SIMPLICITY

Reynolds

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

SIMPLICITY

What has this little girl been doing?

How is she dressed?

She is in a big park.

What a lovely place in which to play!

Now she is resting under a shady birch tree.

The cool breezes are kissing her cheek, and fanning her plump, bare arms.

I wonder what she is thinking about.

With her sweet face turned aside, she seems to be listening to woodland music in fairyland.

What is the name of our picture? The artist's name?

Do you remember the great English artist who painted his niece, Miss Theophila Palmer, as "The Strawberry Girl"?

After fifteen years, Mr. Reynolds painted a picture of the daughter of his niece, and "Simplicity," this lovely child in her simple dress and lace cap, is no other than the daughter of "The Strawberry Girl." She must have been as lovely a child as her mother.

These two are among the artist's finest, and as he himself says, his most original pictures.

Mr. Reynolds was a lover of children; he remembered his own boyhood, and kept a young heart. Because he understood and sympathized with children, he was able to gain their friendship. They were glad to come to his great octagonal studio to sit for their pictures. Here his little patrons were entertained with bright toys, and many pets, or coaxed into good nature with a loaf of sugar, a tiny cake and with Sir Joshua's merry tricks.

While he played games with the children, the artist watched for the happy smile, the merry eyes, and afterward put them into his picture.

THE ARTIST

Sir Joshua Reynolds is a name England is proud to claim, but to which all the world pays honor. Though not in the broadest sense an artist, he was distinctly a portrait painter, and "The Prince of Child Painters." He painted pictures of childhood rather than pictures of children. It is this "essence of childhood" revealed in ideal types that

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makes universal appeal. If it were only for Reynolds' love of children and his gift of interpreting child nature, he would fully deserve the fame he has won.

He was a close observer of children. Their natural grace and vivacity, their sweet and wistful moods charmed him, and suggested many a pose for interpreting the fascination of childish beauty. "Simplicity" is one of these types. In this dainty picture of sweet maidenhood, the unaffected pose which the little sitter doubtless maintained but for a moment, shows the artist's skill in seizing fleeting, unconscious grace. The simple costume, which never goes out of fashion, contributes much to the expression of simplicity and innocence.

Reynolds was a simple hearted man, of sweet, kindly disposition. Goldsmith says of him:

"His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part
His pencil our faces, his manners our hearts."

Reynolds painted so rapidly that he frequently finished a portrait in four hours. It is believed that over three thousand canvases came from his brush. He owed his art to many sources, at first, largely to Van Dyck and later to the different schools of Italy and Belgium. Of all the masters, the work of Michelangelo inspired and influenced him most.

When he returned to England, he was in great demand as a portrait painter, and painted, it is said, not less than one hundred and fifty portraits each year. This gave him an income of \$30,000 a year.

His habits were regular. Daily he spent from ten o'clock to four painting pictures and giving sittings for portraits; then followed a walk, with dinner at five, preceded by an elaborate toilet.

Altho Reynolds remained a bachelor for love of Miss Angelica Kauffman, who was also an artist, he was never a recluse, and his magnificent house in Leicester Square was the favorite rendezvous of his friends,—men and women of genius, talent and rank. An invitation to one of his dinners was considered a great honor.

Among his guests were such men as David Garrick, the great actor; the orator Burke, who made the great speech on America; Samuel Johnson, maker of a great English dictionary, and Goldsmith, Richardson, Gibbons, Smollett, Sterne, the great writers of the day.

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It is said that Reynolds founded the Literary club in order "to give Johnson undisturbed opportunity for talking and to procure for himself and his friends such opportunities of listening to his wisdom and wit, as did not often occur in the accidental intercourse of mixed society."

Reynolds' yearly "Discourses" were so excellent that they were supposed by some to have been written by his friend Samuel Johnson, to which Johnson indignantly replied, "Sir Joshua Reynolds, sir, would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him."

The history of British painting is brief, covering only about one hundred and fifty years. Great Britain relied almost exclusively on foreign talent down to the middle of the eighteenth century, when with the advent of Reynolds and Gainsboroughs, she rose to a place of independence.

John Ruskin calls Reynolds, "The Prince of Portrait Painters." His composition is graceful, his drawing exquisite, his coloring rich, warm and harmonious. One critic says, "His color is alluring, suggestive of a happy, luxurious state of well-being. Before his pictures, one almost breathes the scented atmosphere of high society. It is, however, a worthy society; for his people are Englishmen of the type who have done most for the advancement of humanity."

His works can be seen in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, in the National Gallery, London, and in private collections throughout England.

Probably the most noted is the "Allegorical Portrait of Mrs. Siddons," Dulwich Gallery, England. Well known pictures often engraved, beautiful pictures that are enjoyed and appreciated by children, are "Angels' Heads," "The Infant Samuel," "Penelope Boothby," "Miss Bowles," "The Countess of Devonshire and her Daughter," and "The Age of Innocence."

SUMMARY

Born in Plympton, England, 1723.

School of Artists. English Portrait Painters.

Educated by his father, clergyman and schoolmaster in Plympton.

In 1741 went to London, studied under Thomas Hudson.

1746 established himself as a portrait painter.

Studied in Italy, 1749-52.

Re-opens studio in London, 1752.

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At his suggestion, the "Literary Club" was established in 1764.

As writer and lecturer he knew how to enforce his artistic convictions in speech. His annual "Discourses" highly prized in art literature.

Elected first president of the Royal Academy of Arts, which was founded in 1768. Exerted a powerful influence upon his followers.

Was knighted Sir Joshua Reynolds by King George III in 1773.

In 1784 was made painter to the King.

"Simplicity" painted in 1789. In the same year, partially lost his sight and abandoned painting.

Died in London, 1792. Buried beside Turner in St. Paul's Cathedral.



PIPER AND NUT CRACKERS

Landseer

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

PIPER AND NUT CRACKERS—Landseer

Our thrifty wood folk friends in fur
Have gathered their Winter's store;
While sitting at tea, in the old oak tree,
There sounds a light tap at the door.

Here we have one of Landseer's fine nature studies. No English artist is better known in America. Copies of his pictures have found their way into numberless homes and into children's story books everywhere.

What a fine home these pretty squirrels have. Who comes to make them a call? What have the squirrels been doing? This very morning Mr. Squirrel went out to have a run in the woods. When he returned, he said to Mrs. Squirrel, "Jack Frost has been here. The air is chilly and the leaves and grass are white. Now we must go to work." What work would they have to do? So all day they were busy gathering the nuts Jack Frost and the wind had shaken down for them. Where do you think they put the nuts? (In another hollow tree near by, or an old stump. Sometimes hidden under the leaves.) They work merrily, cramming their cheek pockets with big fat nuts, then scampering away to their store house. Do you think they would get tired running back and forth all day?

But now they are enjoying a good rest and a luncheon, on the porch of their cozy home. Do you suppose there are any baby squirrels? Where are they now? Perhaps they have had an early supper and are now snug in bed. Do you think they have helped to carry nuts? Yes, for these are thrifty parents, and one of the first things they teach their children is to lay up food for winter.

But why has the little "feathered friend" come? Perhaps to say goodbye to her tree friends before going South for the winter. Mother squirrel sets out her best acorn pudding and chestnut pie for the farewell feast, and they talk of the good times they have had together all summer long in their leafy homes. But soon the leaves must say good-bye, too. Where will the squirrels go when the cold days come?

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In the hollow tree is the cosiest little parlor, with a nice soft carpet on the floor. Of what is it made?

They will spend much of the winter sound asleep in their snug nest. Will they be cold? Why not? (Warm fur coats.) The bushy tails will be warm coverings.

Look at the picture again. What handsome fur coats these squirrels have. How cunning they look holding the nuts in their forepaws all the while watching us with bright round eyes.

The artist has painted them so well that they seem to be really alive. Would you like to know more about the artist?

THE ARTIST

Almost from babyhood Edwin Landseer had been fond of drawing. When he was only six years old he made sketches of animals that delighted his friends, and when he was thirteen his pictures were exhibited in the Royal Academy. This was a great honor indeed for one so young.

Little wonder that the boy should have so great talent, for nearly all his family were artists. His father, John Landseer, and his eldest brother, Thomas, were engravers. An engraver's work is to cut a picture upon a block of wood or steel or copper. From this cut many copies of the picture can be printed. These prints are called etchings.

Edwin and his brother Charles worked together, Charles reproducing Edwin's paintings. Together they wrote and illustrated "Stories About Dogs" and several other books for young people.

Finally the father and brother spent all their time engraving copies of Edwin's pictures, which had become very popular. They made hundreds of etchings of "King of the Forest," "King Charles' Spaniels," "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," "Saved," "Shoeing the Horse," and other favorites. Thus it has come about that so many homes have been brightened by these beautiful pictures.

Landseer was the first English artist who enjoyed the favor of the royal family. Queen Victoria, who loved animals as much as Landseer did, was a great admirer of his pictures, and decided to make him a knight. After that he was no longer plain Mr. Landseer, but Sir Edwin Landseer. He painted many pictures of the queen, of her husband, and of their children with their pets.

Landseer was born in London in 1802, and lived to be seventy-one years of age.



BABY STUART

Van Dyck

BABY STUART—Van Dyck

Here is a dear little Prince.

His pet name is Baby Stuart.

His father was King of England.

His mother was a queen.

He had a brother and three sisters to play with.

These children lived in a fine palace.

They had many pets.

They had fine dogs and beautiful horses.

They liked their dogs best.

An artist often came to paint their pictures. His name was Van Dyck.

Baby Stuart's mother dressed him in fine clothes.

In this picture he wears a silk dress and lace cap.

The artist gave him a ball to play with, while he painted his picture.

It must have been hard for a baby to keep still so long.

When Baby Stuart became King he was called James II.



CHILDREN OF CHARLES I

Van Dyck

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CHILDREN OF CHARLES I

What child is not familiar with Van Dyck's lovely picture of Baby Stuart? It is easily the favorite among primary pupils everywhere and has been widely copied. It is a detail of a larger picture—the group of our study.—“The Children of Charles I.”

The family of Charles I of England furnished an attractive field for the exercise of a court painter's talent, for Van Dyck has painted its members many times in separate portraits and again in fine family groups. The most popular of these is the group found in the Turin gallery, which we have chosen for our study. Another very similar one, but painted when the children were a little older, is in Dresden.

Show the picture of the famous Turin group to the class and let the pupils find Baby Stuart.

His royal title was Duke of York, afterward James II. He is so short that the artist has placed him on a platform beside his sister Mary. With his chubby, innocent baby face, he makes a quaint little figure in his blue silk dress with full stiff shirt and his lace cap, but he holds his head erect like the prince that he is.

Princess Mary in her stately white satin with pretty ringlets, and dainty hands holding lightly the rich folds of her dress, is a second edition of her queen mother.

The Prince of Wales (afterward Charles II) and heir to his father's throne, is dressed in rich scarlet, embroidered with silver lace. With his hair cut straight across his forehead and wearing his round cap and “Van Dyck collar,” the little Prince Charles in all his finery looks very different from a boy of five in our modern fashions.

We are told that the new born heir was not a pretty baby, that his mother in writing to a friend in France said that he was so ugly she was ashamed of him but that his size and fatness supplied the want of beauty. But judging from his picture the homely baby must have grown into a good looking boy. He has a winsome, frank face, a cupid-like mouth, and a serious thoughtful expression in his large, dark eyes, and bears himself with the dignity of a prince.

Dogs, it seems, were the favorite pets of the Stuart household. In one of Scott's novels we learn that the queen had a peculiar fancy for

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dwarf spaniels. This breed, which Van Dyck has included in so many of his pictures came to be known as the King Charles spaniel. In our picture young Charles rests his hand in intimate companionship, on the head of a fine collie. In others he is accompanied by a spaniel or a great hound. (See the Dresden group and also the Windsor Castle group of five children.)

Do you imagine these children "born to the purple" lived as happy and free a life as other boys and girls? Children who feel a sense of their superiority and recognize no equals among their playmates must lead a somewhat lonely and isolated life. Then they must learn hard lessons as other children do, lessons intended to prepare them for the future honors and responsibilities that belong to their station.

But Van Dyck has shown us that the rank of these children has not shut out from them all the joyousness of childhood, for in his picture he has combined royal dignity with true child nature. Despite their princely finery, these are genuine children, who seem to assert their rights to the spontaneous happiness and innocent amusements of childhood.

They little dream of the sad fate awaiting the whole Stuart family, to which they belong, and we do not like to look at the dark picture historians have painted of these children in their maturity. Happily, however, we are not studying history, but pictures, and we admire these Stuart children for the unique loveliness, and grace and charm so remarkably represented by one of the world's greatest portrait painters.

THE ARTIST

The art of Sir Anthony Van Dyck marks the highest achievement of Flanders for the seventeenth century.

Van Dyck was a pupil of Rubens, the most famous of Flemish painters and of world renown.

Antwerp, Rubens' home city, was also the birthplace of Van Dyck, who became the favorite pupil of the great Rubens, and next after the master himself, the greatest artist of Flanders.

The generous nature and the beautiful life of Rubens, as well as his fine genius, endeared him to the world. Van Dyck is honored, not so much for what he was as a man, as for what he was as an artist. Without Rubens we can hardly imagine Van Dyck's success.

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But tho his work reflects his master's characteristics, Van Dyck was not merely an imitator. In individuality and in the qualities of grace, refinement and simplicity the pupil outstripped his master.

From Eugene Fromentin we have this criticism: "Van Dyck heightens the statures that Rubens made too stout; he indicates less muscle, less relief, fewer bones, and not so much blood. He is less turbulent, never brutal; his expressions are less gross; he laughs but little, has often a vein of tenderness, but he knows not the strong sob of violent men. He never startles; he often corrects the roughness of his master; he is easy because his talent is natural and facile; he is free and alert, but is never carried away.

In every case he has more than his master, a feeling for draperies well put on, for fashion; he has a taste for silky stuffs, for satins, for ribbons, for points, for plumes and ornamental swords."

Anthony Van Dyck's father was a manufacturer of silk, as had been several generations of ancestors. Altho Anthony was the seventh of twelve sons, his mother found time to make exquisite embroideries for customers, inventing designs, and creating beautiful patterns with shaded silk floss—which skill may mean that her son inherited some of his art.

His father is described as a "dapper, over-nice little fellow." His dainty young son, who liked to sit in his father's shop and be smiled upon by the fine ladies who came to buy silk, grew up to be a pale faced, perfumed gentleman of fine manners and lady-like ways. He was fond of wearing point lace and wore a pointed beard, which style came to be known after his own name. We are familiar with the term "Van Dyck beard."

Van Dyck's mother who was a fragile, little woman, died when he was eight years old. At ten his talent was so evident that his father thought it was worth while to apprentice him to a painter. When he was fifteen or sixteen he became a pupil of Rubens. He soon took first rank among the student painters, becoming the favorite and first assistant of the great master in his most important work.

Rubens recognized his unusual skill as a portrait painter and advised a trip to Italy that he might perfect himself in this branch of his art. When shortly after the death of his father, Anthony decided to take Rubens' advice, and planned a journey to Italy, Rubens in addition to other gifts, gave him one of his finest horses, a beautiful gray from his own stables, for the purpose of his journey. As a parting

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gift, Van Dyck left with his master a portrait of Rubens' wife, which he placed in one of the finest rooms in his splendid house.

It was in 1623, when he was twenty-four years of age that Van Dyck left Antwerp for Italy. There, the more he studied the Venetian masters, the more fully he became convinced that he should become a portrait painter. Undoubtedly Titian held the first place in his estimation, and influenced his subsequent work, for critics say that in portraiture he stands close to Titian. While in the south he visited Genoa, Rome, Florence and the island of Sicily, moving among illustrious families, painting elegant portraits for them, and receiving in return their money and their praise.

The reputation of Van Dyck, great as it was before leaving Antwerp, had grown during his absence in Italy. The patronage bestowed upon him there, was destined to pursue him in his future career. But in spite of this patronage his position at home was not pleasant because of the jealousy of rival artists. He sought relief outside his own country and we next find him at Hague, where, among many other court personages he painted William, Prince of Orange.

The encouragement which Charles I gave to the fine arts, and his liberality in patronizing them, led Van Dyck to look toward England as a promising source of patronage. Percy M. Turner, an English writer, says in this connection, "There never was a time in the history of the English Court when such opportunities for advancement were presented to an artist possessing the genius of Van Dyck as during the reign of Charles I. He was one of the few monarchs of England who recognized the civilizing influence of art on the nation and encouraged it in a manner quite beyond his means. It mattered not of what period, school or nationality a work happened to be, so long as it possessed a high degree of merit, it appealed strongly to the king. We have only to consider the superb collection he brought together, only to be ruthlessly dispersed by the Commonwealth, to gauge the refinement of his taste. Many of the priceless possessions of foreign galleries formed part of his collection and if England had only been in a position to retain her hold upon them we should no doubt today be in possession of the finest assemblage of Italian art in the world."

Van Dyck's first visit to England did not meet with the success which he had anticipated but finally, through the influence of Rubens, he decided to accept the invitation of Charles to return to England, where he passed the most prosperous years of his life.

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His reception in England was most flattering. He was given a fine house in Blackfriars, on the Thames, where distinguished guests had been entertained by the king. Removed from the criticism of his jealous brother artists, and surrounded by royalty, with nothing to do but paint and paint his best, Van Dyck's heart's desire was now fulfilled. From this time date the numerous portraits of the king and queen and family groups of them and their children.

Soon after his arrival, Van Dyck received the honor of knighthood and was henceforth known as Sir Anthony Van Dyck. In addition to being appointed painter to his majesty he received an annuity of 200 pounds.

The king, quite as much taken with his elegant personal appearance, his courtly qualities and conversation as with his talent, greatly enjoyed his company. He was accustomed to go to Blackfriars by boat, and to chat with Van Dyck while having his portrait painted. Later he often went to his studio to escape his many troubles, using the private landing place Van Dyck had made for the convenience of the royal family.

Van Dyck's best known pictures belong to the period of his residence in London. His method of working is interesting. He appointed a certain day and hour for the persons who came to him and he never painted longer than one hour at a time upon each portrait. Then he would rise and with a polite bow dismiss the sitter for the day, after which a servant would wash his brushes and prepare a fresh palette, and make ready for the next sitter. (The following account by one of the artist's friends, is given in Keysor's "Great Artists." "He worked on several portraits in one day with extraordinary expedition. After having lightly sketched the face, he put the sitter in an attitude which he had previously meditated, and with gray paper and white crayons, he drew in a quarter of an hour the figure and drapery, which he arranged in a grand manner and with exquisite taste. He then handed over the drawing to skillful assistants, to paint it from the sitter's own clothes which were sent on purpose at Van Dyck's request. The assistants having done their best with the draperies from nature, he went lightly over them, and soon produced by his genius the art and truth which we thus admire."

So this wonderful artist of fine manners and lace ruffles, was called upon by the royal personages from nearly every country to have their portraits painted. It is said that if the king was very ugly, Van Dyck

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painted such beautiful clothes upon him that nobody noticed the plainness of the features. Bacon says of his work at this time: "Every picture showed the same characteristics in its subject—elegance, fine clothes, languid manners, without force or great truth or any excellent moral quality to distinguish one from another. Nevertheless, the kind of painting that he did, he did better than anyone else had ever done, or probably ever will do.")

He was fond of painting pictures of himself as well as kings and queens and other fine folk. It is related that after spending the morning in painting he would frequently invite his sitters to dinner, that he might study their expressions when relaxed, and from this study of their countenances during the meal would work upon their portraits again in the afternoon.

Van Dyck was passionately fond of music. He often provided concerts for his sitters, because music kindled in their faces the expressions that he wanted to paint.

His hospitality made his immensely popular. He lived gayly and extravagantly, entertaining the gayest and fairest of England's aristocracy. Consequently the demands upon his purse were enormous. Moreover the overwhelming good fortune which had been his lot—developed in him luxurious habits, which finally undermined his health. Then King Charles himself was in great trouble, owing to the unsettled condition of affairs in England, and could no longer pay his court painter's pension. Funds became scarce for Charles was occupied in a life-and-death struggle with his people, with no time to devote to artistic pursuits.

Broken in health and in purse, we find our artist, in his extremity, painting as Guido Reni had done, hurriedly and unworthily, merely for gain. Finally, in desperation, he turned his attention to the pursuit of the "philosopher's stone," that imaginary element, which when once produced, would turn all baser metals into gold. He not only failed to learn the secret of making of gold, but wasted much time and money. The fumes of the laboratory aggravated the state of his health. He soon became too ill to continue his painting, and tho Charles offered his court physician a large sum if he could cure his court painter, nothing could be done for him. He died in London on December 9th, 1641. There was a magnificent funeral in St. Paul's Cathedral, where the artist was laid to rest in the crypt of the old church.

A few years before his death, Van Dyck had married Mary Ruth-

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ven, a woman of noble family. A portrait of Lady Mary, painted by her husband is in the Pinakothek, Munich. A charming reproduction in color of this portrait may be seen in "Masterpieces in Color" edited by T. Leman Hare. Van Dyck died just eight days after the birth of his daughter Justiniana.

Keysor aptly says: "So Van Dyck born in Belgium, the intellectual heir of Rubens, died in England, the intellectual progenitor of Reynolds and Gainsborough." He was the last great foreign painter brought into England by the "Art—Munificence" of her sovereigns.



MDME. LE BRUN AND HER DAUGHTER

MADAME LE BRUN AND DAUGHTER

Do you like this picture of mother and child? Why? What does the picture tell us? Do you think this is a happy child? Why do you think so? This lovely lady was an artist, but also a devoted mother who found in the child she is holding close to her a happiness which she had missed in other ways.

(See also, if possible, Mme. Le Brun's other painting of herself and child. An excellent copy is found in "Masterpieces in Color"—edited by T. Leman Hare.)

Here is another picture that Madame Le Brun painted. (Observation). How tenderly she clasps the little one in her arms! We think of Eugene Field's lines:

"There never was a little tyke,
But that his mother loved him best."

Observe both pictures. Compare. In which pictures does the little girl seem to be saying "I love you, mother?"

Of what is the mother thinking? Do both pictures show mother love? How? (Expression, position and action). In the beautiful face we can read "the language of her thought."

These beautiful lines from Margaret Sangster help us to understand a mother's affection.

"Madonna in the peasant's hut,
Madonna on the throne;
All heaven within thine arms is shut
When thou dost claim thine own."

Madame Le Brun was a French artist. She was born in Paris in 1755. Find her country on the map. Take your geographies and show the city in which she was born. How long ago was that? Who will go to the board and show us how to find it? Her father, Louis Vigee, was a portrait painter. From him, Elizabeth Louise (as the child was christened) inherited a talent for drawing and from her mother, her remarkable beauty. She was a winsome child, with a

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bright mind and a happy disposition which all through her life made her a favorite.

Some one writing of her in the form of a legend represents all the fairies gathered about her cradle as though born a little princess in the kingdom of art, one fairy giving her beauty, one intellect, and one a pencil and palette. The fairy of marriages, who had been called, said "It is true you will unfortunately marry M. Le Brun, the expert in pictures, but the fairy of travel to console her, promised that she should carry from court to court, from academy to academy, from Paris to St. Petersburg, and from Rome to London, her gayety, her talent, and her easel, before which were to pose all the sovereigns of Europe, and all the heads crowned by genius."

In what year was this artist born? In the same year, in the Emperor's palace in far-off Vienna was born the princess Marie Antoinette, who later became Queen of France and came to live in the royal palace at the time when all Paris was praising the work of Madame Le Brun. The queen became one of her patrons, and a close friendship grew up between them. The talented artist painted thirty portraits of her royal mistress.

When the war clouds of the French revolution began to thicken, it was necessary for Vigee Le Brun to flee from France.

When she returned after twelve years, the proud Paris of Marie Antoinette's day was but a sad memory. Tomorrow the history class will tell us some of the changes that had come to France in that time.

Madame Le Brun lived to be 87 years of age and is said to have painted during her lifetime 600 portraits which brought her over a million dollars.

Of all these the most popular and perhaps the most beautiful is this one of herself and daughter. If ever you visit the great national gallery, the Louvre, in Paris, you may see the original.

"Here we see Vigee Le Brun, royalist, glorifying motherhood, her arms and shoulders bare, attired in the simple purity of Greek robes, her child in her embrace. In this portrait we see in full career the Greek ideals that were come upon France—a France weary of light trifling with life, and of mere butterfly flitting from flower to flower."

—T. Leman Hare.

"A simple and unaffected group, charmingly composed. The mother's features are very refined and pretty and the eyes sparkle with animation. It is a remarkable evidence of the fidelity of these por-

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traits, (there are two) that although the position of the figures in each is different the features and expression are identical. The vitality of expression, both in the mother and the child, is very remarkable."

—Eastlake.

THE ARTIST

Madame Elizabeth Louise Vigee Le Brun (Le Brün') was born in Paris in 1755. At an early age she showed a decided talent for art, receiving her first lessons from her father, a general, second-rate painter of "pleasing portraits." He left her an orphan at the age of twelve but to her fingers fortune had given the skill that had been denied her father.

At fifteen she was painting landscapes and had already become an excellent portrait painter. At nineteen she was elected to the Academy of St. Luke and at twenty-eight was received into full membership of the Royal Academy which gave her the valuable privilege of exhibiting at the salon.

She was married in her twentieth year to M. Le Brun, a picture dealer, whose gallery attracted the pretty artist. But she early discovered that he was a thoroughly dissolute and unscrupulous rogue, squandering his own fortune and that his wife earned by her art, so that she was obliged to separate from him. The love, thus early withdrawn from her disreputable and pretentious husband was lavished upon her beautiful child.

At the outbreak of the French revolution she left Paris and went to Italy to live, taking with her her little daughter. Subsequently she lived in Austria, England, Holland, Switzerland and Russia, and in every country her charming personality gave her admission into the best society.

Her exile lasted twelve years, but everywhere she went she received homage and met with the same success, which was due not only to her beauty and wit, but to her untiring industry, for she worked early and late. "To paint and to live, are the same word to me," she would say.

Vigee Le Brun is not considered a great artist, but she painted with a naturalness and a beauty of style that was refined and lovable, like herself. In the picture chosen for this study, the happy pose, the picturesque arrangement of the draperies, the blending of strong light and shadow, reveal the skill of the artist.



THE ANGELUS

Millet

THE ANGELUS—Millet

Here is a picture of a potato field in France, a sunny land far across the sea. These two peasants have been gathering the potato harvest. Twilight has overtaken them, but one of the sacks is not yet filled so they work on in the early twilight.

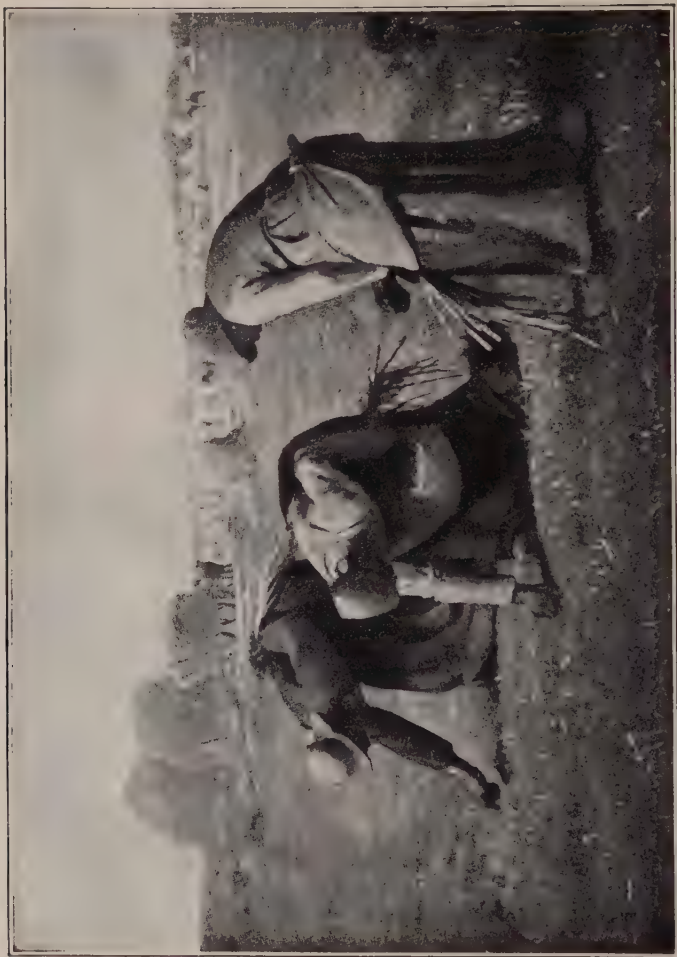
The sunset glow is in the sky. Its light gleams on the potato sack and along the furrows, and shines on the woman's apron.

Far across the field we can see the spire of the village church. Suddenly the sound of a bell peals forth across the level plain. The woman stops her work, clasps her hands and stands with bowed head. Her husband stops digging, plunges his fork into the soft earth and stands with uncovered head. The bell is ringing the Angelus and it calls them to worship.

Three times each day, at morning, noon and evening, the Angelus bell rings thruout France. The people in that country are never too busy to pause in their work and turn their hearts to God in prayer.

The atmosphere of prayer pervades the picture. Under its quiet influence we fancy we can almost hear the ringing of the bells. As the meaning of the picture grows upon us, we do not wonder that it is perhaps, the best loved of Millet's pictures.

The remarkable history of this painting is very interesting. The patron for whom it was painted was disappointed with the picture when finished and Millet had difficulty in finding a purchaser. He received but one hundred dollars for this great painting. Eventually it became one of his most popular works and after his death was sold for one hundred thousand dollars. Twenty-three years ago it was bought by an American and carried on an exhibition tour thru many of the large cities of the United States, and is probably the best known in this country of any of his works.



THE GLEANERS

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THE GLEANERS—Millet

It is harvest time on a large farm, in the country of France. The golden grain has been cut from the broad fields and men and women are still busy gathering it in. The binders have tied the wheat into bundles or sheaves, the sheaves are loaded upon a wagon and carried to a place near the farm buildings where they are piled in great stacks, ready for the threshing.

What is the central thought in the picture? (The Gleaners.) These three peasant women, of the poorer class, have come into the field to claim the time honored privilege of gathering up the scattered grain left by the reapers. This was a custom dating back to very early times. See the ancient Hebrew law—Leviticus 23, 22 and the Book of Ruth.)

This generous practice is still observed in France. The sower of a field of grain would fear bad luck to his harvest if he should refuse to let the gleaners in after the reapers.

Look at the picture again. What time of day do you think it is? Why? (The sun casts only small shadows about the women's feet. The glare of noon-tide is represented in the picture.)

Note the tidy appearance of the three peasant women, dressed in their coarse working clothes, the neat kerchiefs tied over their heads and projecting a little over the forehead to shade the eyes.

As we look, they seem to move toward us, as they make their way thru the coarse stubble, gathering here and there the stray stalks of precious wheat. Already they have found enough to make several small bundles, which they have piled together on the ground at one side.

One art critic (Hurl) has suggested that the Gleaners represent the three ages of Womanhood, the maiden, the matron, and the old woman. The nearest figure, at the right in the picture, is the oldest of the three, and under the strain of stooping, bends slowly and stiffly at her work. Next to her is a squarely built woman whose large, strong hands and broad back are capable of hard work. The third figure is that of a younger woman with "a lithe, girlish form." Her companions use their aprons for their gleanings. She wears no apron but carries her grain in her hand. She has found a more graceful

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method of working as well as a short and direct route from one hand to the other, by resting the left hand, palm up, upon her back, where the right can reach it by a simple upward motion of the arm.

The picture is a fine study in lines—for the older classes. Note how the middle figure is constructed in a square outline and how this square effect is emphasized by the right angle formed between the line across the bust and the right arm, and by the square shape of the kerchief at the back of the head. Thus we get an idea of the "stolid, prosaic character" of the woman herself.

The younger woman is "a creature of beautiful curves." The lines of her back and bust flow together making an oval figure, which the position of the left arm completes. The curve of the throat, the shapeliness of the hand, the pretty adjustment of the kerchief, lend added touches to the charm of the youthful figure.

The lines of the standing figure curve toward the other two, and carry the composition to sufficient height. The lines enclosing the entire group, form a mound like figure, not unlike a stack of wheat in shape.

THE ARTIST

On the other side of the Atlantic ocean in that part of France known as Normandy, was born Jean Francois Millet (Zhon fronswa me ya), the great painter of French peasant life. He was of peasant parentage, and spent the greater part of his life in the country. The Millet family lived in an outlying hamlet (Gruchy) of the village of Greville (gra-veel). As the oldest child of a poor family he was brought up to hard out of door labor on his father's farm.

In the surroundings of his childhood he saw no pictures and heard nothing of art. Yet at a very early age he showed a remarkable talent for drawing. He inherited his artistic temperament from his father, who was a lover of music and everything beautiful. His grandmother, too, had a poetic vein in her nature. She lived in the family and looked after the children while the father and mother both worked in the field. Millet was her favorite. She would come to the child's bedside in the morning and say, "Wake up, my little Francois, you don't know how long the birds have been singing the Glory to God."

Recognizing his talents, his father sent him to Cherbourg, the nearest large town, to learn to be a painter. At the age of nineteen he went to Paris to study art. He became homesick and many times

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wanted to go home, but he stayed. He spent twelve years in Paris, receiving instruction from various artists, but his greatest teacher was nature. Returning to Paris, he married, and continued to paint.

His pictures were too original to be popular at once, and while he waited for purchasers he found it hard to support his family. His struggle with poverty and the misconceptions of hostile critics who did not at first appreciate the greatness of his art, wore upon his health. He was of too stern a nature and too loyal to his ideal to cater to popular opinion.

As a painter of rustic subjects, his art was unique. In his indifference to beauty he stood alone in his day. "Let no one think they can force me to prettify my types," he said. "I would rather do nothing than express myself feebly." The human side of life touched him most deeply and it was always his first aim to make his people look as if they belonged to their station.

Finally thru patience and perseverance success came and his pictures began to sell. With the first money from the sale of pictures he bought a home in the country at Barbizon. So he turned from the schools of Paris and the artificial standards of his fellow artists there, to study for himself, at first hand the peasant life he wished to portray.

What a delightful place Barbizon was in which to work. The joy of nature was his, and here in his garden studio he spent many fruitful years.

He was a lover of human nature and a true peasant at heart. Love and sympathy is the message revealed in all his pictures.

After studying several of Millet's pictures in detail, study them collectively noticing:

(1) His indifference to surface beauty—he regarded expression as the chief element of beauty. His peasants are uncouth in face and figures—but how expressive! Not expression of the countenance principally, but expression of the entire body. With attention to the study of form and attitude, his figures in long, loose fitting clothing, which shapes itself well to the body, are not lacking in the fine lines of an expressive pose.

(2) Note the excellency of Millet's picture in point of composition. See the harmony between the peasant life and the world around him. The large field represents much labor. Like it, his life is dull and colorless. There is little sky; so his outlook is limited. He has little hope or aspiration. Wilbur Derthick says that "Millet has written

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

in painting, the short and simple annals of the poor." He makes his people look as if they belonged to their station, as if there is "a necessary bond between them and their surroundings."

(3) Observe the character of his peasants. Earnestness, patience, industry, self respect, modesty, contentment with their lot, piety and the sacredness of home ties are virtue his pictures reveal. The Gleaners is a "poem of patient self-sacrifice;" The Sower declares the dignity of toil; The Angelus is "a hymn of praise, voicing the peasant's only hope;" The First Steps, and Feeding her Birds, with the faithful father at work in the garden near by, speak to us of sweet homely virtues—a loving unity and parental devotion.



SONG OF THE LARK

Breton

SONG OF THE LARK—Breton

What is there in a homely peasant figure and a bit of landscape that has made Jules Breton's "Song of the Lark" worthy of being considered a work of art?

What does this picture hold for you?

Van Dyke says neither books nor theories nor lectures make the eye of the connoisseur—but studying the canvas. Let us then look at the picture first and do our own seeing and thinking.

What is the artist's message? What feeling and impressions do you get from the picture?

"We're made so that we love

First, when we see them painted, things we have passed

Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;

And so they are better, painted—better to us,

Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;

God uses us to help each other so,

Lending our minds out.

—Robert Browning.

THE PICTURE

In the foreground is a French peasant girl, with the grace and freedom and abounding strength of youth.

Up early, with sickle in hand, barefooted and barearmed, she is going to cut the grain.

The sun, just rising, tints the sky, and sheds its glorious light over the landscape, desolate but for the suggestion of trees and the peasant dwelling in the distance. The girl drinks in the beauty of the morning and is glad.

The lark, too, sees the first rays of the morning sun and spreads his wings, flying up, up, until

"Drowned in nature's living blue

The lark becomes a sightless song."

—Tennyson.

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The sweet song floats down to the reaper. Now she stands erect, with head thrown back, lips parted, listening, hearing, feeling!

"The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear
Thy shrill delight."

—Shelley.

The song touches a responsive chord in the heart of the girl. She feels the joy and gladness of it and is thrilled and uplifted. The song in her heart makes the drudgery of her work lighter all through the day.

Do we get the artist's message? Is he not, as Browning says "lending his own mind out" in portraying it, bringing the breath of nature to our spirits, and lifting human souls, jaded by material things, to a higher plane of life?

CLASS STUDY

Who is this figure? In what country do women work in the fields? Is this good healthy work? Do you think this girl is used to hard work? What season of the year is it? Why do you think so? What time of day? How do you know? Do you think this peasant girl is happy in her work? Of what is she thinking?

Where is the center of interest? Is it the soaring lark, the rising sun, or the buoyant figure of the girl herself, as she responds to the influences of the morning?

When you visit the Art Institute in Chicago, you may see the original of this picture for yourselves. It is one of the Henry Field Memorial Collection, given by Mrs. Field, now Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page) after the death of her husband; Mr. Henry Field, the younger brother of the late Marshall Field, was a trustee of the Art Institute and died in 1890.

THE ARTIST

Jules Breton (Bre-ton') was born in Courrieres, a town in France, in 1827. His life story is very different from that of many artists. In a well-to-do home, under the influence of the gentle life of his father

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

and a nature loving uncle, who devoted his time to the instruction of Jules and his three brothers, (his mother died when he was but four years old) he grew up surrounded by love, hospitality, wealth and leisure.

There seem to have been no great struggles, no time of disappointment or unpopularity, but a steady growth of public appreciation.

At the age of six he determined to be an artist, the more remarkable as there was no art in his native town. We are told that his ambition had been inspired by the yearly restoration, by means of bright green paint, of the four statues of the Seasons that adorned his father's gardens.

When ten, the boy was sent to a religious school at St. Omer, but was soon removed to the College of Douai, where the atmosphere was more favorable to his artistic tendencies. At sixteen he began studying under the instruction of his father's friend, Felix de Vigne at Ghent, and there made the acquaintance of the artist's daughter whom he afterward married. From the Royal Academy at Ghent his studies took him to Antwerp and Paris, where he worked with the leading French artists.

Breton lived to the fine old age of 79, a pleasant life of success, highly appreciated not only for his pictorial ability but for an unusual mental endowment.

He devoted much time to literature and wrote many poems. A vein of poetry runs through his pictures. His autobiography, published sixteen years before his death, is interesting in its accounts of daily village life in France and of influences which dominated his inspiration and that of other French artists.

Breton painted little besides peasantry, tho he was no Millet follower. He started painting peasant scenes about the same time as Millet, and it is interesting to note in comparison what art critics have said of his work.

"As an original thinker, as a pictorial poet, he does not show the intensity or profundity of Millet."—Van Dyck.

"Although both figures and landscape lack the rugged strength which characterizes Millet, he charms by the tender sentiment of his works."

"His peasants lack the realism of those painted by Millet. At the same time, Breton's work does smack of the soil and its influence has been correspondingly healthy."

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

"If Millet gave us the sentiment of toil and suggested the profundity of the human problem and wrestling from the earth the means of existence, always through a large design and motive, Breton offered the poetry of labor in the fields and village life."—Fowler.

"He is a true poet and true painter, with an infusion of delicate humor which reaches our sympathies at once."—Hamerton.

"He has united the suffrages of all lands. The Germans have decorated him; England bestowed upon him a medal; France, a chair at the Institute; and Americans make any sacrifices for the possession of his picture."—Stranahan.

THE TEACHER'S PREPARATION

Read the biography of Jules Breton. Study a number of his works—"The Return of the Gleaners," "The Weed Gatherers," "Evening," "Blessing the Grain," "End of the Day," and others—which show how he loved to picture the activities of labor and the hours of relaxation incidental to rural life, with which he was in full sympathy. His work reveals his nature, which was simple, wholesome and sincere; it reveals too, the loving attachment of the painter to his birthplace. Responsive to the aspects of nature, he gave to his rural subjects a sentiment that was full of poetry and charm.

Is it not because he "lived the life" and was intellectually fitted to portray it truly, that he quickens the sensibilities and "tunes" the heart?



BY THE RIVER

Lerolle

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

BY THE RIVER—Lerolle

Can you recall a French painter of peasant life? Name some of Millet's pictures. His wood cutters, stone breakers, charcoal burners, water carriers, The Sower, The Gleaners, The Potato Planters, The Man with the Hoe, all show the patient, plodding peasant who toils from morning till night, day after day, year after year, with little hope of bettering the dull monotony of his life.

Another painter of French peasant life is Henri Lerolle. "By the River" is one of his well known and popular pictures. How does this differ from Millet's? (Comparative study).

Do these peasants look weary after their day of toil? Do you think they are talking about their work or are their thoughts on other things? Of what do you think they are talking?

Happiness, contentment and comfort seem to belong to their home life. Millet's chief characteristic was an irresistible impulse to reproduce the true peasant of his day unadorned and without surface beauty. Lerolle's work shows more of the decorative element. Notice the contrast between these lithe figures, graceful in form and line, and the rugged character of Millet's peasant, uncouth in face and figure. His art was expression of the humanity about him; Lerolle's is expressive of beauty and sentiment.

We are attracted by the airy landscape quite as much as by the peasant figures. The wide river, the distant bluffs, the bare birch trees—a favorite subject with painters—standing out against the sunset sky, present a scene of quiet beauty. The birds flying homeward and the cows being led to water, add to the peaceful scene.

Notice the horizontal lines in the picture and the pleasing division of spaces made by them. (The top of the bluff, the line of low bushes, the distant shore, the nearer bank, and the line of light in the foreground.) Are any of the lines exactly parallel? Are the spaces equal? Yet the relationship is satisfactory. What form the vertical lines in the picture?

Are the lights and darks well balanced? Point out contrasts in the picture.



THE SHEPHERDESS

Lerolle

THE SHEPHERDESS—Lerolle

Another well known and much loved picture of Lerolle's is "The Shepherdess." It presents a tranquil and restful scene. Where is the shepherdess taking her sheep? Does she lead or drive them? Do the sheep seem to trust their guide? Do you think she loves her gentle flock?

We see the French peasant's cot in the distance. Do you suppose it is the girl's home?

What time of year is it? (The tender foliage and the man plowing suggest the season.) What in the picture suggests a warm day? (The French girl has taken off her kerchief and carries it on her crook.) What kind of trees are these? We know the birches by their smooth bark.

Look again at the picture "By the River." Notice the greater space behind the peasant women who have left their work behind and are on their way home. Is the greater space in front of or behind the shepherdess? Does this add anything to the thought of the picture?

THE ARTIST

Henri Lerolle is a figure, landscape and portrait painter. Although some of his works are so popular, very little is known of his life. He was born in Paris of wealthy parents in 1848. He has received at least two medals and the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He was exhibiting his work in 1888.

Critics have denied him creative ability and say his works show the influence of Millet and others, "attenuating them all and yet utilizing their methods and effects with remarkable intelligence, much as a clever musician might arrange the score of a grand opera for the piano."

Millet painted the toilers of the field with a sympathy born of his own peasant life.

Lerolle is a wealthy man and paints merely for the love of creating. He paints just what pleases him and in the manner his taste directs. His work is full of poetic feeling.

The "Arrival of the Shepherds," a very modern picture, and one of the most realistic of all the Nativities, shows how deeply the artist enters into the feeling of a scene.



CHRISTMAS CHIMES

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

CHRISTMAS CHIMES—Blashfield

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men."
—Longfellow.

As the Christmas season approaches, all the world seems filled with gladness, all faces wear a happier expression and hearts are full of joy. Why? Whose birthday do we remember?

(Show "Christmas Chimes."—A few minutes for thoughtful observation.)

Our own American artist, Edwin Howland Blashfield, has given us this wonderful picture. How does it show the glad Christmas spirit? (Call attention to the free, sweeping lines of the figures and their wings). What do the angels seem to be saying? Even the gentle doves add a note of joy to the picture.

THE ARTIST

Edwin Blashfield was born in 1848 in New York City, but has spent many years of his life abroad.

"Christmas Chimes" was painted in Paris, but the studies for the bells were made in Florence. This picture was on exhibition at the World's Fair in Chicago, where it ranked among the best from all over the world.

Mr. Blashfield was a pupil of W. H. Hunt here, and of Bonnat and Gerome in Paris, where he went in 1867. For twenty years he lived and worked in France, Italy, Greece and Egypt. He has been president of the Society of American Artists and a member of the National Academy.

He is considered a remarkable painter and in that land of artists, France, his pictures rank high. "Christmas Bells" is among his best

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

known figure pieces, but he is chiefly known for decorative work on a large scale. Art critics say that altho his compositions are more the work of a scholar than a genius, there are but two or three Americans, if there are any, who can rival him in the grand style of fresco painting.

Some of his beautiful works adorn our National Library at Washington. Others are found in the Baltimore Court House, and in the Appellate Court, N. Y. He is also well known as a writer on Art subjects.

His "Plea for Municipal Art" is considered one of the best lectures on art ever given in this country. Perhaps few have done so much in educating the public in matters of decorative art as Mr. Blashfield.

He directed the decorating of the State Capitol at Pierre.

BLACKBOARD READING

Hark! The Christmas Chimes are ringing.
Their music floats from the belfry tower.
Back and forth swing the bells.
They are touched by angel hands.
The joy of heaven is on their bright, glad faces.
Their white robes light the picture.
On joyful wings they ring out the glad tidings:
"Joy to the world! The Lord has come,
Let earth receive her King."
Louder and louder peal the bells.
The angels sing in happy chorus—
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth peace, good will to men."
The Christmas morning is dawning.
Our hearts are full of peace and joy.
The picture has a message for you and me;
I think it says:
"While bells of Christmas ring,
Joyous and clear;
Speak only loving words,
All mirth and cheer."

Where was Jesus born?

Let us read the poem that tells of his birth in the Bethlehem manger.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Beneath thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O, morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the king!
And peace to men on earth.

O' Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend on us we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell,
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emanuel.

—Phillips Brooks.

What lines in the last stanza make us think of our picture? Who wrote this poem? I am sure the poet as well as the artist must have heard the angels' message and had the Christmas spirit in his heart, else he could never have given us this beautiful poem.



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THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST

Blasfield

SPIRIT OF THE WEST—Blashfield

The picture on the opposite page is a reproduction of the painting found in the State Capitol at Pierre, South Dakota. This painting forms a panel in the Governor's Public Reception Room and measures eight by nine feet in size. This is worthy of a place in this book, inasmuch as it portrays the spirit that has marked the progress in the advancement of the western civilization, in fact, the difficulties that have confronted the new settlers of the entire western continent from the early colonial times. The picture well tells the story of the hardships endured and overcome.

The picture was painted by Mr. Blashfield especially to portray the spirit of the settlers of the great state of South Dakota, and for that purpose the following is its interpretation: "The prominent woman with the book is South Dakota. Hope, the female figure above. With the assistance of her settlers, South Dakota has overcome many obstacles, typified by Indians. Evil skulks away before the progress of the State."



MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

Raphael

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR—Raphael

Can you tell why this picture is called Madonna of the Chair?

We see the mother sitting in a low chair, holding the Christ child lovingly in her arms. Of what is the mother thinking? See his plump little limbs and playful feet. He nestles into his mother's arms as snugly as a young bird in its nest. How safe and happy he feels.

See how tenderly the mother lays her head against his. Even though her gaze is toward us, we feel that she is thinking of her baby. He too, is looking out of the picture at us. How beautiful he is!

The mother wears a scarf of bright colors over her shoulders and another one about her head.

Who in the picture is looking at the Christ Child? It is His little cousin, who is to grow up as John the Baptist. The young St. John carries a reed cross and clasps his hands in an attitude of worship.

There is a story which tells why this picture is round. The artist Raphael was walking one day when he passed two boys with their mother in a door yard. When he saw the lovely mother with her babe on her knee, he thought what a beautiful Madonna and child they would make. But he had no paper with him on which to sketch. He looked about and finding a cask or barrel that stood near by, made a sketch of this charming family group on the top of the cask. When he went home he painted his sketch in beautiful colors.

So this picture is a perfect round. Let us notice the kind of lines Raphael has used in his picture. Are they straight or curved? Even the back of the chair is rounded. The curved lines help to make a pleasing picture.

This picture just as Raphael painted it, is in the city of Florence. Some day you may go there and see it for yourself.



SISTINE MADONNA

Raphael

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

SISTINE MADONNA

Here is another Madonna painted by Raphael. It is The Sistine Madonna, so named because it was painted for the Church of San Sisto. This picture is the last, the best and the most spiritual of Raphael's many Madonna paintings. It is thot by some to be the most beautiful picture in the world.

As we study the picture we seem to be looking thru a window opening into Heaven. The curtains are drawn aside, and faintly in the background is seen a cloud of cherub faces. Out of the cloud appears the Madonna, with the child Jesus in her arms. They are coming down to earth. The mother's robes are blown back by the wind as she moves with swift, light step over the fleecy clouds. How earnestly she looks out at the world below. She is thinking of the sad people who need help. See how she holds the Christ Child as if she were giving him to the world.

COMPARISON OF THE TWO PICTURES

The Madonna of the Chair is a real scene of home life, a picture of mother love. The mother and child are all in all to each other.

The Sistine Madonna is an ideal scene—a heavenly vision, in which mother and child are lifted above earthly surroundings. They seem to forget self in the thought of loving sacrifice and service to a needy world.

THE ARTIST

You remember who discovered this land of ours. From what country did Columbus come? More than four hundred years ago, in that sunny land of Italy far across the sea, lived another Italian boy, Raphael Sanzio.

If we could have seen Raphael in those days, we would have seen a fair faced, happy boy with large hazel eyes, thoughtful and dreamy, and with golden brown hair which floated lightly over his shoulders.

His father was an artist. When a very small boy, Raphael loved

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

to play in his father's studio. What little tasks could he do to help his father? Yes, there were brushes to wash and palettes to clean. He liked to watch his father paint pictures of beautiful angels and Madonnas. Very often the angels were pictures of Raphael himself.

Raphael enjoyed all the beauties in everything about him. When he was a small boy his father gave him a sketch book. He felt sure that Raphael would some day paint the beautiful things he saw.

All his life was spent with artists, as we shall see, and even as a child he loved his paints and brushes more than any other playthings.

Once Raphael went to visit Andrea, an old friend of his father's. Seated at the table with the family was Andrea's brother, a blind priest, who had shown great kindness to the little visitor. Raphael was first to finish his supper. He quietly drew from his pocket the sketch book his father had given him, and with a few quick strokes made a sketch of the blind man. He held the book below the edge of the table, thinking no one would notice his work. But Andrea saw, and asked to see his book. How surprised he was to see a picture of his brother. Raphael had shown all the love and kindness in the good priest's face. Raphael spent many happy hours with Andrea in his studio.

When Raphael was but eight years old, his mother died. Three years later his father died, and the sad and lonely boy went to live with his mother's brother. The orphan boy grew fond of this uncle and came to call him his "second father."

When he was sixteen years old, he went to study with the artist Perugino, (pa roo jee'no), as his father had planned. Soon he could paint as well as his teacher. After five years with Perugino, he made his first visit to the beautiful city of Florence, where he saw some of the great pictures by Leonardo do Vinci (la o nar' do da vin'chee) and Michelangelo. New ideals and ambitions awoke within him. He was soon known and loved by the best artists in Florence.

At the age of twenty-three he made a visit to Urbino, his early home, a little village nestling among the mountains. While here he painted a portrait of himself for his uncle.

When he was twenty-five, Raphael went to Rome, for the pope who lived in the vatican palace at Rome, had heard of his fame and sent for him to decorate the walls of the palace.

The pope was well pleased with Raphael's work, for indeed it was marvelous. He became known as the greatest painter in Italy. Many people think he is the greatest painter in all the world.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

He painted many pictures, yet he was only thirty-seven years old when he died. Here is his portrait. What kind of a face do you think he has? This is what an English poet said of it:

“His Heavenly face a mirror of his mind,
His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to and inhabit.”

That means that his mind was filled with good and beautiful thoughts and that these thoughts shone out in his face.



THE HOLY FAMILY

Murillo

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

HOLY FAMILY—Murillo

"The great thing which we need in our American life, is the cultivation of taste. To bring about intelligent appreciation of works of art is the problem, not merely to bring about works of art."—Dr. Wm. T. Harris.

THE HOLY FAMILY

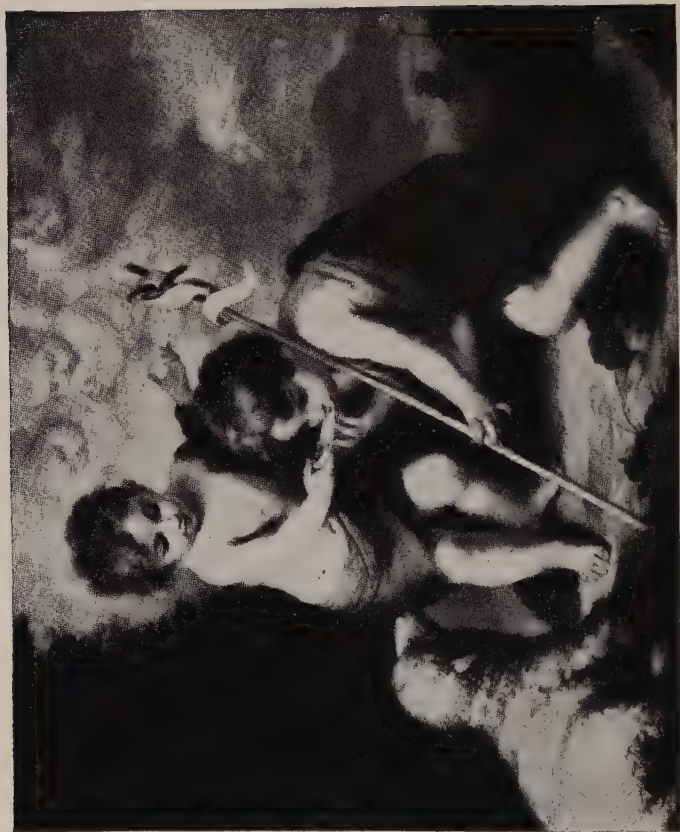
This picture, which hangs in the Louvre, Paris, is Murillo's conception of the Holy Family.

As we study the picture, the eye is directed to the central figure of the group, the beautiful Christ Child.

Then the purity and tenderness of the Virgin holds our attention, as she clasps the Child upon her knee in the ecstasy of mother love. In strong contrast are Elizabeth's clear cut features, as she lifts her eyes in adoring gaze to the Infant Jesus. His little cousin, John, the Baptist, offers him a reed cross, symbolizing the suffering which the Savior of mankind will endure.

The presence of the lamb in the picture typifies the spotless innocence of the Christ who was "led as a lamb to the slaughter."

In the open heavens we see a representation of God, the Father, proclaiming "This is my beloved Son." The Holy Spirit descends as a dove, while in the misty clouds, are little cherub forms, bending lovingly over the Holy Child.



CHILDREN OF THE SHELL

Murillo

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

CHILDREN OF THE SHELL

"And the Child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him."—St. Luke.

The picture represents the child Jesus giving the young St. John a drink of water from a shell. Thru the opening skies baby angels look down upon the charming scene. As the Holy Family, Jesus is again the central point of interest. How did the artist show this in the first picture? (The eye follows the steadfast gaze of the other figures fixed in ardent worship upon him.)

In this picture it is shown in three ways. The lamb with uplifted head is lying at Jesus' feet. The angels, with clasped hands, are adoring him. John bows before him on bended knee.

St. John is dressed in a rough garment of camel's hair and carries the bannered cross of his mission bearing the words, "Behold the Lamb of God." They find water. Forgetting his own thirst, Jesus dips up the cool water and offers it to John. How finely the picture shows the gentle, loving, and unselfish nature of Christ, who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister."

When Jesus grew to manhood he said, "I am the water of life." Here he is giving water to the young St. John just as afterward he was to give the living water of life to thirsty souls.

The "Children of the Shell" hangs in the Prado at Madrid. It is said to be "the most beautiful picture in the world, in which child-like loveliness can no farther go."

The beauty of the Christ Child is not ordinary beauty of mere plump, rounded limbs, curls and dimples, and lovely dark eyes, but beauty of soul—the beauty of goodness.

THE ARTIST

Bartolome Estaban Murillo. 1617-1682. Spanish painter. (Pronounced in Spanish moo-reel'-yo, in English, mu-ril'-o.)

Birthplace, Seville.

His works: (a) An expression of the religious spirit of Spain.

(b) A presentation of the daily life of the people.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

Very little is known of the early life of Murillo. He was born in a house belonging to a convent. His father, Gaspar Estaban, was poor, a merchant by trade and was allowed to pay his rent in work instead of money, by keeping the house in repair. Before Murillo was eleven years old, he lost his parents, and he, with his little sister Therese, went to live with their mother's sister, Dona Anna Murillo. It was then the orphan lad was given the name Murillo.

He was apprenticed to Castillo, a painter in Seville, where he remained nine years, making good progress. When Murillo was twenty-two, Castillo moved to Cadiz. Left to his own resources, and with the care of his little sister, Murillo set up an open air studio in the public market place. Here he found for his subjects, flower girls, waifs, and vendors at the weekly fairs. Merry beggar boys, too, who counted themselves passing rich with a penny's worth of fish, a melon or a bunch of grapes, were painted with fascinating likeness.

These rough, showy little pictures, revealing his kindly feeling for the lowly, were sold to anyone who would buy them.

While Murillo was painting picturesque beggars in the streets of Seville, Velasquez, (va-las'-keth) who had once been a native of Seville, but now a famous artist at Madrid, was painting kings and cardinals at the court of Philip II. The pictures of these two, Spain's greatest artists, show us the social life of that country as it then existed.

Coming early under the influence of Van Dyck, copies of whose paintings had been brought to Seville by a former student, Murillo's ambition was fired. He resolved to go to Rome and see the greatest art of the day. He had no means of doing this except by paintings which he might dispose of. Some of these cheap paintings were sold to a ship owner whose ship sailed to the West Indies, where eventually they found their way into a Spanish mission. So it happened that the American Indians saw Murillo's work before he had become famous in Europe.

Leaving his sister, Therese, behind in the care of friends, Murillo set out on foot, intending to go to Rome. After a terrible journey across the Sierra mountains, he arrived in Madrid, the home of Velasquez, who was court painter to Philip II.

Without money, without friends, he determined to go to the great master of Spanish painting.

Velasquez received him kindly, took him into his studio and welcomed him into his home. This was a great change for Murillo. He

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

remained several years with Velasquez, making wonderful progress. Finally his teacher suggested that he go to Rome, but now Murillo did not wish to leave Spain. He returned to Seville, where he soon received a commission to paint a series of eleven pictures for a small Franciscan convent, requiring three years for its completion. The pay was small, but so great was his success that his reputation was at once established. Soon the orders were more than he could fill. His resources grew. He was admitted to the best society of Seville, where he established a school of painting. Many pupils came to him and his influence on the art of his country was great.

He married a wealthy and noble lady with whom he had fallen in love while painting her as an angel.

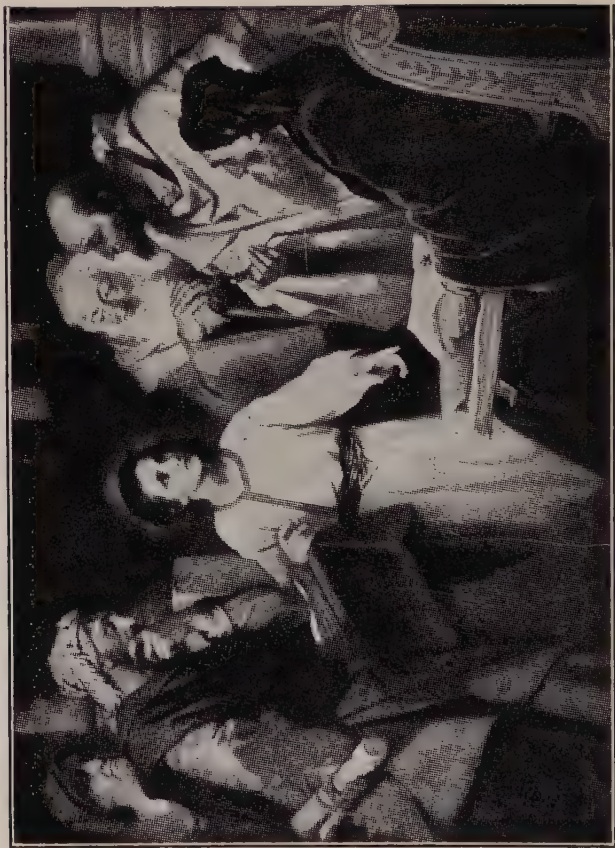
On the death of Philip IV, Charles II wished to make him court painter, but Murillo did not covet court life. He loved Seville and preferred the quiet retirement of a happy, domestic life to wealth and fame.

Late in life Murillo fell from a scaffold on which he was working and was fatally injured.

He had three styles which were employed according to the subject. "Cold" for genre (pronounced zohn-r, and meaning phases of common life) and for landscapes.

"Warm," for religious subjects of a descriptive character.

"Misty" or "aerial" for religious subjects illustrating the power of religion over human souls as in the pictures of the visions, the assumptions and the conceptions.



CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS

Hofmann

CHRIST AND THE DOCTORS—Hofmann

“Jesus, son of Mary, lowly, wise,
Obedient, subject unto parents mild,
Meek—as the meek that shall inherit earth
Pure—as the pure in heart that shall see God,
O infinitely human, yet Divine.
Half clinging childlike to the mother found,
Yet half-repelling, as the soft eyes say
How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not
That I must be about my Father’s work?”

THE STORY OF THE PICTURE

You remember the Babe of Bethlehem, whose birthday we celebrate at Christmas time. In Luke’s gospel we read that when Mary and Joseph had “performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee to their own city Nazareth. And the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon him,” which means a natural and perfect development of body, mind and heart.

So Jesus grew up, a boy with other boys, in the quiet little town of Nazareth, among the hills, becoming taller and stronger every day, running errands for Joseph the carpenter, and helping him in the shop; learning to know and love every flower of the field, the birds, the blue sky, the clear waters of the lake, and the hills and valleys surrounding his home. Besides these lessons in the school of nature, he learned many other lessons at his mother’s knee, of the love and goodness of God and learned to read from His Holy Word and committed to memory many passages of Scripture.

Many times had his mother told him of the great city of Jerusalem and of the temple there, until he longed for the time to come when he, too, might go to the holy city and be a worshiper in his Father’s house; for when he was twelve, every Jewish boy became of age, and went with his parents for the first time to Jerusalem, where once

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each year the "Feast of the Passover" was celebrated. (Recall the story of the deliverance of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage.)

So now the people from the country round, and from every hamlet and village journeyed to the city of Jerusalem, to celebrate this deliverance by feasting and worship in the temple.

It was a great occasion for young and old. Do you suppose Jesus looked forward eagerly to this, his first visit? At last the day came. How would they travel? The donkeys were made ready for an early start. On the way they were joined by other companies of people going to the Passover.

After traveling for three days, Joseph and Mary with the boy Jesus entered Jerusalem. It was a great sight for any boy. Tents were spread on top of flat roofed houses, and on the hillsides, outside the city gates were built little arbors roofed with branches. Why? (City full of people.) There were gilded palaces and towers hung with flowers and wreaths and best of all on a distant hill stood the beautiful temple, its marble walls and gilded domes glittering in the late afternoon sun. The heart of the boy Jesus bounded with delight as amid the noise of trumpets and the joyful shouts of the multitude they came nearer to the house of God.

The open courts of the temple were richly ornamented and within the temple were beautiful decorations. The lamps were lighted; the temple choirs were chanting songs; the priests were praying and going through all their services.

Within the temple also were teachers of the law, called Rabbis or doctors. They were reading and explaining the scriptures. They were the most learned scholars of the day. No one had ever questioned their wisdom. Jesus was so interested in all this that he visited the temple every day. It was a wonderful week.

At last the ceremonies and festivities were over and the people began journeying homeward. When Joseph and Mary, among the others, stopped to rest for the night, they found that Jesus was not in the company of relatives and friends as they had supposed. Anxiously they turned back to find their missing boy. After searching all day in the city, they found him in the temple, not lost nor afraid, but "in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. And all they that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

There was gentle reproof in the Mother's voice as she said, "Son,

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why hast thou thus dealt with us? Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing." Gently the child replies, "Mother, how is it that ye sought me. Wist ye not that I must be about my father's business." Mary did not understand him then but "she kept all these sayings in her heart." Obediently, but with thoughts lingering behind, Jesus returns with his parents to the little home in Nazareth, where he loved and honored them as before. The Bible says of him at this time, "Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

THE STUDY OF THE PICTURE

We cannot know just how Jesus looked as a boy. This beautiful picture, as the artist Hofmann has painted it, approaches nearest, perhaps, to our ideal of the Christ, of any picture ever attempted by any artist. Hofmann's famous "Head of Christ" is a detail from this picture. The face of the boy Christ, in its ideal beauty, is almost without fault. It radiates all that is good, and pure, and true. The fine features, the open countenance, the commanding presence, express divine intelligence. God's light, and truth, and goodness are shining in his wonderful dark eyes. His dress, a simple white tunic, is a fitting symbol of his purity.

Naturally he forms the center of the group. He not only attracts but holds the attention of the learned doctors of the law. With modesty, yet with wisdom, he is answering the most difficult questions. The power of his clear, earnest voice stirs his hearers and they marvel at the wisdom of his speech.

What types of character has the artist represented in the five doctors? How has he shown this in the expression of the faces and in the attitude of each figure.

To the right, and resting on his staff, is a learned old sage, listening intently. Does he seem to be shrewdly watching to discover any error in the young teacher? Do you think the man next to him has a kindly face? Does the gesture of the outstretched hand suggest honest inquiry and open minded seeking after the truth? In front of these, with the open book upon his knee, sits a wise lawyer, marveling at the childish wisdom. Perhaps he is comparing what he hears with what he reads. To the left, his elbow resting on the desk in thoughtful mood, is a younger man. The artist seems to rep-

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resent him as weighing the words of Christ and wondering how this child can understand the marvelous things of which he is speaking.

Behind him, and apart from the group, is one apparently unmoved by the gentle words of Divine wisdom. Do we see in this face interest, surprise, doubt or idle curiosity, or is there a suggestion of ridicule?

But we turn again to the supreme attraction in the picture, the Christ Child, who in his divine loveliness stands in the midst of these sages, with a kingly presence, a calm dignity, and the conscious assurance that he is in his Father's house and about his Father's business. His earnest words must have been like messages direct from God to these listening Rabbis.

THE ARTIST

Few names in the world of modern art are more favorably known than that of Heinrich Hofmann, the German artist. Born in Darmstadt in 1824, he received his early art training in Dusseldorf Academy, and later studied in Antwerp, where he found in the old cathedral such masterpieces as Ruben's "Descent From the Cross." He spent much time in travel, visiting the art galleries of Holland, Italy and France, and finally settled in Dresden, where he established a studio in 1862. About this time he married a lady of that city. His life has been a very happy and busy one. As a professor in the Dresden Academy, and as the most prominent painter in the art schools of Germany, he is popular.

It has been said that Hofmann's pictures of Christ are the most lovely and reverent in the history of art.

His subjects are drawn from literature and mythology as well as from biblical events, but his success was greatest with religious subjects. His scenes from the life of Christ are most widely known, and much in demand. His "Christ and the Doctors" belong to the world's famous modern pictures, and is included in the Ideal Collection of the World's Great Art.

Because of the ideals portrayed in his pictures, they are truly inspired themes,—great messages to the followers of Christ thruout the world.



THE LAST SUPPER

Da Vinci

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

THE LAST SUPPER—Da Vinci

Now when the even was come, He sat down with the twelve. And as they did eat, he said, 'Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.' And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto Him, 'Lord, is it I?'—Matt. 26:20-22.

It is the night of the Passover supper. In a small upper room of a house in Jerusalem, Jesus, surrounded by his disciples, is breaking the bread of their farewell meal.

Christ is the center of all interest. He has just spoken. "One of you will betray me." Love, terror, grief and amazement find expression in the cry of the disciples, "Lord, is it I?"

DA VINCI'S MASTERPIECE

No scene in the life of Christ has been more often painted than that of the Last Supper, but no other attempts can compare with this wonderful painting of Leonardo da Vinci's. It is the "ideal representation of a dramatic moment, the delineation of the effect of a single word upon twelve men." It is recognized as da Vinci's masterpiece and is one of twelve paintings called world pictures. It was painted in oils on the wall of a convent dining room in Milan, Italy.

SETTING

The appropriate setting of the picture adds much to its charm. Seated at their meal the brothers of the monastery could look upon the table of Christ, as if he were their guest. It is said to be an exact copy of the table, linen and dishes used by the monks.

COMPOSITION

The central figure, Christ; the disciples in four groups of three each. Christ sits alone. In their surprise and bewilderment the disciples have drawn away for the moment.

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Each is expressing his feelings in his own way. There is no repetition of an action or a figure. Each gesture represents an individual type of character; yet all harmonize in directing thought to the central figure, effecting unity as the motive of the scene.

In the background three windows with glimpses of landscape have been painted, which add to the picture in artistic value.

At the Master's right, in broken hearted silence, sits John, the beloved disciple. Impulsive Peter leans forward, touching John's shoulder, and seems to be urging him to ask the Saviour who the traitor is.

There can be no doubt as to the real betrayer. In contrast to the gentle features of John is the dark, cunning face of Judas, who, clutching the money bag, looks up in alarm.

Behind Peter, who is speaking to John, is Andrew, with upraised hands, then James the Younger, and at the end Bartholomew, leaning forward in his eagerness to catch the words of the others.

To the left of the Christ, Thomas with raised finger seems to be saying "Lord, is it I?" In front of him, James the elder, expressing in face and gesture his horror at such a thought. Philip bending over his companions with deep regret in his fine face, seems to say, "Thou seest my heart, Lord, is it I?" Next to Philip, in the last group are Matthew, Thaddeus and Simon.

We are touched with the face of the Savior, sad, submissive, forgiving. Yet we read that the artist spent months in the conception of this face and that he left it, to his mind, incomplete.

Observe how much da Vinci has expressed of the human and divine in Christ's gestures. One hand, with palm downward, seems to say, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." The other, upturned, receptive, suggests the words, "Not my will, but thine be done."

HISTORY OF THE PICTURE

The original picture of the Last Supper is nearly lost to us. It's history is a sad one. Being painted in oil it suffered serious injury from the dampness of the plastered walls. Not many generations passed before it began to fade. Had it been painted in fresco (a picture painted on fresh plaster before it dries) the colors would have become permanently fixed.

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In the 17th century a door was cut into it. During Napoleon's invasion, the hall was used for a military camp, and it is said the soldiers amused themselves by throwing bricks at the figures.

At one time, the French King, Francis I, was so impressed with the picture that he bargained for its removal to France. The attempt was made, but the plaster began to crumble and the work of removal was abandoned. When the monks of the convent came to realize the priceless value of the treasure, they made frantic efforts to "restore" it, but the work of the unworthy artists did more for its destruction than all other influences combined.

At last came a time of more intelligent restoration and the defacements of later artists at least have been removed. It remains now but a shadow of its former magnificence.

Fortunately Leonardo's pupils made many copies of the masterpiece, so we have a complete knowledge of it.

THE ARTIST

Leonardo da Vinci (Lay-o-nar'-do da Veen'-che). 1452-1519. Florentine School.

The story of this wonderful artist's life and accomplishments reads like a fairy tale. From a child he attracted attention for his passion for learning. Greatly beloved, handsome, athletic, with muscles so powerful that he could bend iron and tame the wildest horses; so tender hearted he would buy little caged birds just for the pleasure of setting them free.

He was born at Castle Vinci between Florence and Pisa. He was brought up in Florence, where he lived till he was twenty-four. At fifteen he entered the studio of Verocchio. From the first, the brilliant youth won general favoritism and proved the superior of his master.

He is said to have been the greatest genius that ever lived. Painting was only one of the activities in which his talent was displayed. He was illustrious alike as a sculptor, architect, engineer, philosopher, writer and musician. He designed the most remarkable bridges and warships of his day. It is interesting to read in "The Renaissance in Italy" this comment on his inventive genius, made before the day of the assured flying machine. "His designs of wings to fly with sym-

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bolize his whole endeavor. He believed in solving the insolvable; and nature had so richly dowered him in the very day dawn of discovery that he was almost justified in this delusion."

HIS PLACE IN THE HISTORY OF ART

Da Vinci holds a unique place in the history of art. Up to the 16th century, very little had been done in the art world worth noting, except in Italy and that was very crude. But in the 16th century Italy produced all at once a number of the world's greatest artists, including Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, Correggio and Leonardo da Vinci.

Da Vinci and Michelangelo are called the giants of the Florentine Renaissance. Again da Vinci has been spoken of as "the third person of the wonderful trinity of Florentine painters," Raphael and Angelo being the other two.

But da Vinci stands alone in:

1. The universal character of his genius.
2. The rare perfection of the high intellectual qualities of his art.
3. The extraordinary influence he exerted upon his contemporaries.

When the Last Supper was completed (1498) Raphael was fifteen years of age, Angelo twenty-three.

Da Vinci was the first to perceive the value of chiaroscuro. Before his day men were content with line and color as the means of artistic expression.

HIS PAINTINGS

Few of his paintings have endured. "The Virgin of the Rocks" and "St. Anne, the Virgin, and the Christ Child" are in the Louvre, Paris. His celebrated "Mona Lisa" with its mysterious and subtle smile, which has created more interest and comment than all other painted smiles in the world, has, since it was stolen from the Louvre and later recovered, become more famous than before.





THE TRANSFIGURATION

Raphael

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THE TRANSFIGURATION—Raphael

The last, and one of the finest of Raphael's paintings, is "The Transfiguration of Christ." The picture is divided into two parts. The lower half is filled with figures and contains more action. On one side are nine of Christ's disciples, to whom a father has brought his only son to be healed. The position of the poor boy, and his distorted hands, show violent suffering.

The mother dumbly kneeling beside her child, supports him, as she looks beseechingly toward the disciples, with mother love and devotion showing in her face and bearing. The other woman shows a different expression. She looks toward the disciples with a stern and rebuking air as if saying: "What, can you, who profess to heal the sick, do nothing for this suffering boy?" There are others in the group crying out in behalf of the sufferer. One can count the figures in the background, but it appears as if there were a crowd behind all pressing forward and beseeching the disciples for aid. The disciples, deeply touched, are eager to help, but they cannot heal the boy, for Christ is not with them.

One, with hands folded against his breast, looks at the father with pitying but helpless expression. Another, with open book is trying to find some word of comfort.

In the center of the group of disciples is one who is pointing eagerly upward, calling upon the parents to look that way. The line of his arm is continued by that of the disciple behind him, who is also pointing upward. For they have "seen the Lord" and are bidding the troubled father and mother to look to Him for help.

There above this earthly scene of confusion and distress is a vision of dazzling glory, which they alone seem to see.

The upper half of the picture discloses the transfiguration of Christ in a cloud of glory. As the evangelist tells us, he had taken Peter and James and John with him, and had gone up into a mountain to pray.

"And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening. And behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jeru-

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saalem. But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep; and when they were awake, they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him."

The three disciples have fallen on their faces, dazzled by the radiance, which is more than mortal eyes can endure.

The transfiguration did not occur on the same day in which the scene below took place. Raphael's evident purpose was to draw a contrast between an earthly scene of suffering and helplessness and grief, and a heavenly scene of peace and light. The contrast is further emphasized by the solid, rectangular mass below, and the light, pyramidal composition above.

The Transfiguration was Raphael's last painting. Before it was finished he was suddenly stricken with a fever, and died after ten days illness, upon his thirty-seventh birthday, in the year 1520.

The picture was finished by Raphael's pupils, with loving care and reverence.

As the great artist's body lay in state, in the hall where he had been working (Cardinal de Medici had ordered this picture for the Cathedral of Narbonne, in France), the great picture was hung at the head, and all the people who came for the last time, to see the "divine painter" whom they loved and mourned, wept when they saw his last work. The Christ he had often painted so beautifully as a baby now appears in radiant light and glory, victorious over suffering and sin. The picture was finally hung in the Vatican, where it still remains.

One of the greatest names in the realm of art is that of Raphael. He stands on the "topmost plane of known excellence" with Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci.

He was born not many years before Columbus discovered America, in the Italian city of Urbino, in 1483. His father was his first painting master. Later he studied with Perugino, and afterwards studied and worked in Florence and Rome. He was an architect and sculptor as well as a painter, and his great reputation was won in a very short life. He has given to the world its most famous Madonna—the Sistine Madonna—with which nearly every one is familiar. This last of the many Madonnas Raphael painted, hangs in the royal gallery at Dresden. The Madonna of the Chair, almost equally popular, is in the gallery of the Petti Palace in Florence.

Study the portrait of Raphael. One of his contemporaries, Vasari, wrote of him, "All confessed the influence of his sweet and gracious

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nature, which was replete with excellence and perfect in all its charities."

Modest and gentle though he was, he holds his head high, not haughtily, but with dignity and self-confidence in his ambitions and ideals. His eyes seem to see visions of the wonderful things that are to be portrayed on his canvas.

"His Heavenly face a mirror of his mind;
His mind a temple for all lovely things
To flock to and inhabit."



THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Holman Hunt

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THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD—Holman Hunt

This picture so often reproduced, is spoken of by John Ruskin as "one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced." It scarcely needs interpretation. If we study its details thoughtfully, we discover its symbolic meaning and the great truths the artist has portrayed.

We recall the prophetic words spoken of the Christmas child who was "to give light to them that sit in darkness and to guide our feet into the way of peace." The picture calls to mind, too, the beautiful words of this Prince of Peace, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." Rev. 3:20.

The door at the left of the picture, fast barred and overgrown with weeds, typifies the life that is not open to the influence and spirit of Christ. The heavenly visitor carries a lamp. Outside the door, it is the light of conscience. Within, it becomes the light of peace.

Ruskin's interpretation of this picture is very fine. Notice how forcefully his words express the symbolic truths the artist has pictured.

"On the left hand side of the picture is seen the door of the human soul. It is fast barred; its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; its threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles and fruitless corn,—the wild grass, 'whereof the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.' Christ approaches it in the night time. He wears the white robe, representing the power of the spirit upon him; the jeweled robe and breastplate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the rayed crown of gold, inwoven with the crown of thorns, but now bearing soft leaves, for the healing of the nations.

"The lantern, carried in Christ's left hand, is the light of conscience. Its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the growth that encumbers it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed, but to hereditary guilt.

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"This light is suspended by a chain, wrapt about the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of Christ.

"The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, is that of the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns and though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends."

THE ARTIST (1827-1910)

William Holman Hunt was one of three artists in London (Hunt, Rossetti and Millars) who inaugurated a movement in art known as the pre-Raphaelite movement, the aim of which was to improve the art then being produced, by studying nature itself, and by taking as a model the work of painters who preceded Raphael, endeavoring to follow the realism of design and execution that marks the work of these old masters. They were assisted by the influence of Ruskin and other writers, together with a few sculptors.

During the time these English Pre-Raphaelists worked together they signed their pictures P. R. B. as a sign of their brotherhood. They worked against great discouragements, until, suddenly, the great and fearless critic Ruskin published his defence, declaring that they were the greatest artists of the time.

Of the three, Hunt alone held to the original purpose of the new school and developed it into what Dolores Bacon calls "a truly great school." In "Pictures Every Child Should Know," Miss Bacon gives this estimate of Hunt's work. "There is not one false note that shocks us, or makes us feel that after all the story itself is affected and artificial. Everything that is symbolical is brought about naturally. They are sincere, truthful pictures that speak to the mind as well as to the eye."

In getting the truth of detail Hunt experienced many hardships in travel and spent infinite pains in painting types, costumes and scenery in Palestine and elsewhere, to gain the historic truths of his scriptural scenes. In "The World's Painters" Hoyt says: "He exhibits fully the principles of the brotherhood. Even the most ideal of his works are treated with absolute realism. This is indeed their chief character-

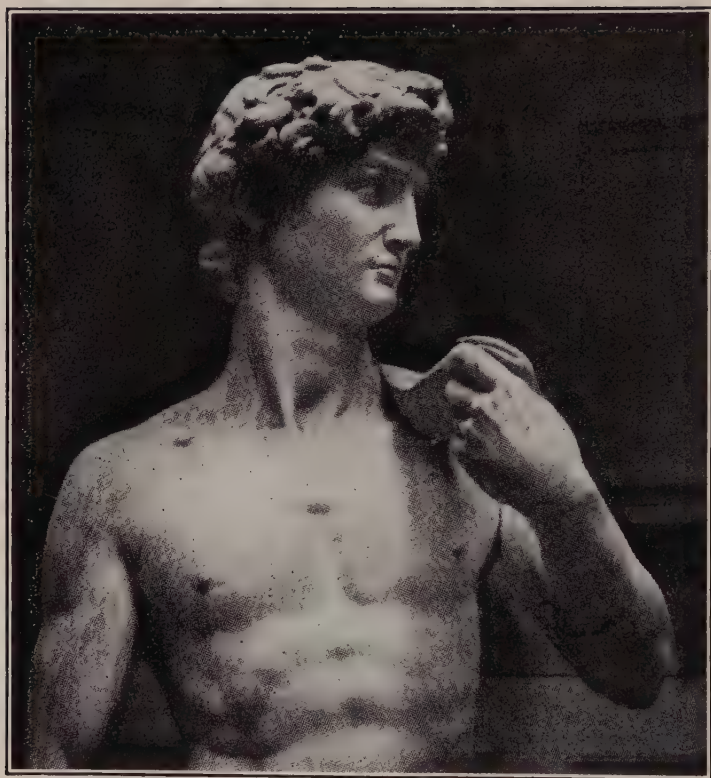
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istic. He has studied, as have few others, to gain the true and literal setting for every subject, never allowing himself to paint a picture whose scene is laid in a foreign country without visiting it and learning the truth regarding accessories.

"We are tempted to count the leaves and fruit on his trees, the blades of grass in his foregrounds, the shavings on the floor, and the nail-heads on the wall. The great pictorial truths of light, color, and atmosphere are sacrificed."

Ruskin, on the other hand, says: "As far as regards the technical qualities of Mr. Hunt's painting, I would only ask the spectator to observe this difference between true pre-Raphaelite work, and its imitations. The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature. The false work represents them with all their details, as if seen through a microscope. Examine closely the ivy on the door of Mr. Hunt's picture and there will not be found in it a single clear outline. All is the most exquisite mystery of color; becoming reality at its due distance."

Many of Hunt's pictures are in private galleries. Among those often reproduced are "Triumph of the Innocents," "Christ in the Temple" and "The Shadow of the Cross."



DAVID

Michelangelo

DAVID—Michelangelo

Do you remember the name of the shepherd lad, who lived long ago in the country of Palestine? David's free out of door life, while he kept his father's sheep, made him strong and ruddy. He was a manly boy of quick wit and great courage.

When the Israelites were at war with the Philistines, he amazed King Saul by boldly offering to meet the challenge of the Philistine giant. The king tried to persuade David that, because he was but a youth, he was not able to go and fight against this bold Goliath, who had been a man of war from his youth. But David replied to Saul, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear. * * * The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And Saul said to David: "Go, and the Lord be with Thee."

"And Saul armed David with his armor, and put an helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armour, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, 'I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them.' And David put them off him. And he took his staff in his hand and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine."

Our picture represents the brave lad just at this point in his heroic adventure. He has thrown off the king's armor, and carrying only the sling, flung over his shoulder, stands ready to meet the enemy of his people. He sees the great giant striding toward him, but he has no fear, for he feels that the Lord is with him. His keen glance marks the spot at which to aim. In a moment his hand will loose the pebble that bulges from the sling. We are sure of his victory. Confidence like this must win the day.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

This "Head of David" is a detail from the "Statue of David." Who was the genius that chiseled this handsome youth from a block of marble? Michelangelo, the world's greatest sculptor. Like Leonardo da Vinci, he was poet, sculptor, painter and architect. But sculpture meant more to him than any other form of art.

THE ARTIST

Not far from the city of Florence stand the ruins of the castle of Caprese, a little town in the mountains. In this castle more than four hundred years ago Michelangelo was born. His father, a descendant from an aristocratic house, was at that time governor of the two little Italian towns, Chiusi and Caprese, altho his home was in Florence.

When they returned to Florence, the parents left the boy in the home of a stone cutter, for it was the custom in those days for noble families to put very young children in the care of peasants.

Surrounded by chisels and hammers, no doubt the baby Angelo played at chiseling, as he wandered about the quarters where the stone cutters, were at work. In the "History of Painting," Muther says, describing his unhappy disposition: "In his youthful years he never learned what love meant." After a time his parents sent for him to begin his education in Florence. This wonderful city with its statues, its towers, its beautiful gardens and cathedrals filled him with a longing to become an artist or a sculptor, he hardly knew which.

His father thought the life of an artist beneath his family, but finally allowed him to enter the studio of Ghirlandajo, the leading painter in Florence. He learned so fast that the master looked upon him with wonder. He was not satisfied with copying drawings, but created new and superior designs, which finally resulted in enmity between pupil and master.

Michelangelo did not have so gentle a nature as had Raphael, another of Italy's trio of great artists, and he often made enemies. One day he got into a dispute with a fellow student, who struck him a blow in the face, which broke his nose and disfigured him for life. "This deformity alone," says Bacon, "was a tragedy to one like Michelangelo, who loved everything beautiful, yet must go thru life knowing himself to be ill favored." It is said that he hated Leonardo da Vinci more for his great physical beauty than for his genius.

Within three years he left the work shop of his first master

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

to study the beautiful Greek statues and other works of art in the gardens of Lorenzo de Medici, who was at the head of the government of Florence. This Florentine prince had placed in his palace gardens a collection of marble statues, and had opened a school for young artist and invited Michelangelo to become one of the number. Imagine his delight in the midst of all this beauty, where he might work to his heart's content. At sight of the statues, all the dreams of his childhood were revived, and soon began to come true.

He worked untiringly, scarcely taking time to sleep, for his whole heart was in his work. His copies were very fine and greatly admired. It was hard to believe that they were made by so young a sculptor.

"Chisel in hand stood the sculptor-boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone;
He had caught the angel vision."

—George W. Doane.

Michelangelo spent four happy years at Lorenzo's palace, as a member of his household. He was dressed like a prince, and had a room in the palace and the keys to the gardens of San Marco.

With the death of Lorenzo, Michelangelo's fortunes changed. Many tales are told of his "unangelic" and bitter disposition. For a time he worked in Rome where he found his only inspiration and solace in his art. Here he made his statue "In Paradise" the only work which bears his name. Its fame spread over all Italy and Angelo was recalled to Florence.

STORY OF THE STATUE

For many years there had been lying in Florence an immense block of marble. A sculptor had once tried to carve a figure from it, but had failed. This was now given to Angelo, who was to have two years in which to carve a statue. That he might work without being seen, he had a work shop built over the marble block.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

This great stone, eighteen feet high, might have concealed a Goliath, but Michelangelo thought of a greater and nobler ideal.

When the statue was completed and the enclosure removed, there in place of the great rough stone, stood the shepherd hero, a figure of rugged strength and purpose; and Michelangelo was acknowledged the greatest sculptor in the world.

In 1882, the statue was removed from the entrance of Palace Vecchio and placed in the Academy of Fine Arts, where it could be sheltered from the elements which in time would wear the marble away.

Among the frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistene chapel is his world famed picture, "The Last Judgment." As an architect, he rebuilt St. Peter's. He exclaimed, it is said, upon its completion: "I have hung the Pantheon in the air!"

Upon his tomb in Florence are three figures representing his three wonderful arts: architecture, sculpture and painting.



PRINCE BALTHAZAR

Velasquez

PRINCE BALTHAZAR—Velasquez

This fine little prince is Don Balthazar Carlos. His father was Philip IV, King of Spain.

Don Carlos sits in the saddle like a trained horseman, which he was.

He learned to ride when he was four years old.

His father was a fine rider, and had the best teachers for his son. The prince was a brave hunter, too.

One of his pictures shows him in hunting dress.

Here we see him at the age of six on his lively pony.

He wears a green velvet jacket and a crimson sash, embroidered with gold. The ends of his scarf flutter in the breeze as he comes galloping across the plain.

High knee boots and a black plumed hat complete his riding costume.

He has a pleasant face, tho he gazes at us with steady, grave eyes.

Prince Balthazar was "own cousin" to Baby Stuart, for their mothers were sisters.

This royal lad never reigned as king, for he died at the age of sixteen.

The father of this little Spanish prince was a great patron of the art of painting. So he brought to his capital many noted artists. Among them was Velasquez, whom he made court painter.

The artist's full name was Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez. The Spanish custom was to use the surnames of both father and mother joined by "y" which means "and." His father's name was Rodriguez de Silva, while his mother's maiden name was Velasquez. In shortening his name, Velasquez preferred to keep his mother's name, which is one well known in Spain.

Velasquez (Vay-lahs-keth).

The city of Seville, boasting the birth place of Spain's two great artists, is called "the glory of the Spanish realm." Velasquez was born in 1599, Murillo, eighteen years later. The story of Murillo's journey from Seville to Madrid, to become the pupil of the famous Velasquez, and of the kindly assistance and encouragement the Span-

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ish court painter gave the young artist from his native city, we have not forgotten.

Velasquez's father, who was a lawyer, gave him an excellent education, never dreaming that his son should ever be "merely an artist" which in those days was not looked upon with favor.

His first master in painting was Herrera. Because Velasquez possessed an individuality that could not be repressed nor directed into the usual channels, harsh treatment followed, and within a year he was sent to another master. But in that time he had learned the secret of using his brush skillfully and had gained ideas of method from which he never departed.

His next teacher was Pacheco, who instead of resenting the lad's peculiar temperament, understood and wisely directed it. Velasquez remained five years in Pacheco's studio, and pupil and master became very fond of each other. But there were stronger ties in the making, for Pacheco gave the young artist his daughter, Juana, for his wife, moved, he said, "by his virtue, his purity, his fine qualities, and by the hopes which his happy nature and his great natural genius raised in me." The kind old painter is remembered today, not for his pictures, but because he helped to make Velasquez a great painter and recorded his impressions of his son-in-law's earliest works.

A few years after his marriage, Velasquez made his first journey to Madrid, where he wanted to try his fortune, but he returned without seeing the king; but the following year, Philip IV. having seen a picture of his, summoned him to return.

The first portrait Velasquez painted of Philip pleased the king so completely, that he ordered all the other pictures of himself removed from the palace, and declared that no other than Velasquez should ever paint his portrait.

The next year Velasquez removed his family to Madrid, where he lived for the remainder of his life.

Here at the rich Spanish capital, for about thirty-five years, Velasquez lived in the court of King Philip. Under the skilled hands of the artist, we are permitted to see Spanish life as it was in those early days, or at least so far as court circles represent it.

We see, too, in the court scenes of this "Pictorial historian" something of the formality, the superstition and the unhealthy ways of 17th century in Spain, whose ruler, it is said, never laughed and had forgotten how to smile. Judging from his portraits, which show him

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to be a dull, reserved, undemonstrative man, it is easy to believe this was true. We can read, too, in the haughty, forbidding face, which is without a suggestion of human interest or enthusiasm, some of the causes of Spain's final downfall.

Naturally it would seem that the serious and depressing atmosphere surrounding Velasquez would have been detrimental to the full and natural expression of his genius and that the Spanish court would furnish little that was ennobling and inspiring.

One happy circumstance, however, was Ruben's visit to Madrid, and Velasquez, being the only famous artist, was appointed by the king to show him the art treasures of Spain. Not only did a friendship grow up between the two artists, but Velasquez was inspired with a strong desire to visit Italy, to which plan the king reluctantly consented. Velasquez visited Italy the second time. While he admired he did not imitate the Italian masters. Velasquez remained Velasquez. He declared Raphael did not please him. Titian did. His second furlough was cut short by the impatience of the king for his return, for during his absence a little crown prince had arrived at court and it was to be the court painter's chief business now to paint his portrait at every stage of his career.

There are a number of pictures of this interesting lad, whose features show him to be a cheerful, hearty, intelligent boy, possessing some of the qualities his father lacked. It is easy to imagine that had he lived to come to the throne, he might have handled affairs in such a way as to save his country. The earliest picture, painted when he was between one and two years of age, is in Boston. One that is greatly admired and which shows the prince about eleven years old, hangs in the Imperial Museum in Vienna. In the Prado is the well known picture of Don Carlos at the age of six, in hunting dress, and perhaps the most popular of all is this picture of the young prince on his spirited Andalusian pony. He sits in his saddle with princely dignity. We are told that he was an excellent student, but his father, himself the best horseman in Spain, was prouder of the lad's athletic achievements than of his fine scholarship. Unfortunately this worthy prince fell a victim of smallpox and with his death at the early age of sixteen, the downfall of his father's dynasty was assured.

According to one of the latest critics, the number of Velasquez's pictures now in existence is eighty-nine, which is not as many as Sir Joshua Reynolds was known to paint in a single year.

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If Velasquez's official duties and the formalities of court life, which to us seem absurd, had not absorbed so much of his time for more than thirty-five years, the world might be richer today in pictures by the great Spanish master.

The court painter of Philip IV might have found outside of court circles, more pleasing models than those he was compelled to paint, for we read that nature had endowed Queen Mariana (Philip's second wife) with a face that was almost as dull and unresponsive to emotion as that of her lord and master. But when at last children came, Velasquez had a more sympathetic and inspiring task.

The portrait of the Infanta Margarita shares equal favor with Don Balthazar on his pony. The little princess is also the center of the famous "Las Meninas" (The Maids of Honor) always in the grown up dress of the children of that day.

According to the custom of the Spanish court, the queen lived in "an armour of corsets and crinoline" and might not be touched by any of her faithful subjects upon pain of death. The absurd costumes, the ugly head dress, the false hair, and the extraordinary hoops and stiff crinoline worn at that time, do not appeal to our sense of beauty.

The interest in Velasquez's pictures belongs to the quality of the work rather than to the sitter. In nearly all his work, Velasquez used only subdued colors. This seems quite natural when we consider his surroundings and associations. Bright colors, an expression of the joys of life, were not seen among the austere Spaniards of the 17th century.

But Velasquez has taught us to appreciate the color harmonies in Nature that are subdued in tone, for he gave a color sense to silver and gray that is very beautiful. We cannot imagine his great contemporary, Rubens, being content to paint with Velasquez's palette, but Velasquez loved and deliberately chose gray and silvery tints.

The works of Corot, Millet and Whistler, and others, show the influence of Velasquez's method, though none could imitate him.

Many of Velasquez's pictures are still untraced. Perhaps pleasant surprises are yet in store for the art world when other pictures are restored from half forgotten rooms of palaces and galleries.

A few of his pictures are in Paris—the Louvre contains a half dozen. A small number are to be found in Vienna, Seville, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, in private houses and in New York. But to see

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Velasquez, one must go to Madrid. The Prado contains over sixty of his masterpieces. The Spinners, Aesop, Menippus, Venus with the Mirror, The Coronation of the Virgin, Philip on Horseback, The Dwarfs, The Tapestry Weavers, and many portraits are among them.



SIR GALAHAD

Watts

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SIR GALAHAD—Watts

"And one there was among us, ever moved
Among us in white armor, Galahad.
'God make thee good as thou art beautiful,'
Said Arthur when he dubbed him knight; and none
In so young youth was ever made a knight
Till Galahad."

—Tennyson, in "Idyls of the King."

Long ago, a thousand years before Columbus discovered America, there lived in Briton (England) the good king Arthur. He was as wise and brave as he was good, and with the help of his soldiers in battle, righted the wrong of his people and made justice prevail.

In those days a king's soldiers were called knights. To become a knight, a boy must learn to endure hardship and trial, be always courteous, brave and ready to help those in trouble.

The knights who were especially brave in battle, and who were devoted followers of King Arthur, were chosen to be members of his Round Table. Next to being king, this was the greatest honor that could fall to a knight.

In a great hall of his palace for these knights, Arthur had made a large table, round in shape, and with neither head nor foot, so that there should be no higher nor lower seat, for he wished all who sat there to be equal.

Sometime you will like to read the stories of King Arthur and the knights of his Round Table in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King." I think you will like best the legend of Sir Galahad, "the noblest knight ever born." He was the youngest to enter the court of King Arthur. As he knelt to take the vow of knighthood, the king said, "Galahad, I dub you knight. Hereafter you shall be called Sir Galahad. Be strong in heart, and all your life remember that there is nothing worth while but kindness, goodness and truth. In these is the greatest happiness.

Many of the knights of this time went in search of the Holy Grail. This was the cup from which Christ and his disciples drank at the

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Last Supper. It was said to have been brought into England after the Crucifixion by Joseph of Armathea, where it was kept by his lineal descendants for many years, an object of pilgrimage and worship. The tradition says it brought healing to the sick and blessing to all, so long as its keepers were pure in thought, word and deed. When they became sinful, the cup disappeared. Years were spent in searching for it, but it could not be found. Sometimes it was seen in vision, but only by those whose lives were pure. Among others who went in search of the Grail were the knights of King Arthur's court.

One night when the company was gathered in the splendid banquet hall, there came a sound as of thunder and a beam of light, seven times more clear than day, streamed into the room. Across the beam moved the Holy Grail, covered by a luminous cloud. But none saw it except Sir Galahad, for he alone was pure. Then the light faded and the cup vanished.

Because the other knights had not seen the Grail, they vowed to ride for a year in search of it. When Arthur heard of this his face grew sorrowful. "If I had been here, my knights," he said, "I would not have allowed you to swear the vow." Then Galahad cried out:

"But I, Sir Arthur, saw the Holy Grail,
I saw the Holy Grail and heard the cry—
'O Galahad, O Galahad, follow me.'"

"Ah, Galahad," said the king tenderly,
You are fit for this quest, but the others are not."

For he knew that while they had proved themselves men of strength and courage in battle, they were not like Sir Galahad, fit for this Holy vision.

"But go," said the king, "since your vows are sacred, being made," and two days later they rode forth on what should have been a great and unselfish mission, to search in all lands for the Holy Grail.

But most of them failed, because in their eager search, they forgot to give help and sympathy to the distressed and suffering people they met on the way. They were too proud of their strength. They thought first of themselves and their own glory and not of the good they could do.

Do you think Sir Galahad was successful in finding the Grail? Only the pure in heart, the strong in courage and love, could attain it.

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Tennyson has made Sir Galahad the subject of one of his finest poems. In this poem Tennyson says:

"His strength was as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure."

On his weary journey over mountain, valley and stream, through rough forests and marshes, in storm and cold, Galahad forgot himself and his discomforts, for the vision was always with him. It was faint in the daytime, but at night it shone ruby red. It made him so strong that everywhere he was able to do good to all he met. With his "good blade" he fought with and overcame pagan hordes and broke down many evil customs.

At last, when Sir Galahad's quest was over, and his work completed, the grail disappeared among the stars and he followed it into the city beautiful. And this is the story of Galahad, "the Best Knight in the world."

THE PICTURE

Let us study the picture.

Is this knight young or old?

Do you think this is the face of one who is pure and good? His fine, open countenance marks him as one who is untouched by evil.

Where is his shield?

With what does this knight fight?

Why is he alone?

He stands in full armor, with helmet thrown back and hands clasped in prayerful attitude. Of what is he thinking? He is about to start out on his quest. He knows that the Grail is attained only through the absolute forgetting of self and in loving service for others. He knows that in his long, lonely ride he will meet hardships; that temptations await him; that he must come in contact with evil. The thought sobers him, but he does not hesitate. Through faith and prayer he must remain strong, unsullied. The trusting youth remembers his vision. In his purity Galahad knows no fear.

His beautiful white horse paws the ground, impatient to start.

"O just and faithful knight of God,
Ride on, the prize is near."

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THE ARTIST

Who was the artist that painted the picture of this noble knight? He must have been a thoughtful man, full of sympathy for human effort, with faith in the right, and appreciation for the beauty of goodness.

He has preached us "a sermon in paint." We forget we are looking at a picture and find ourselves asking, "What kind of a life have I been living lately?"

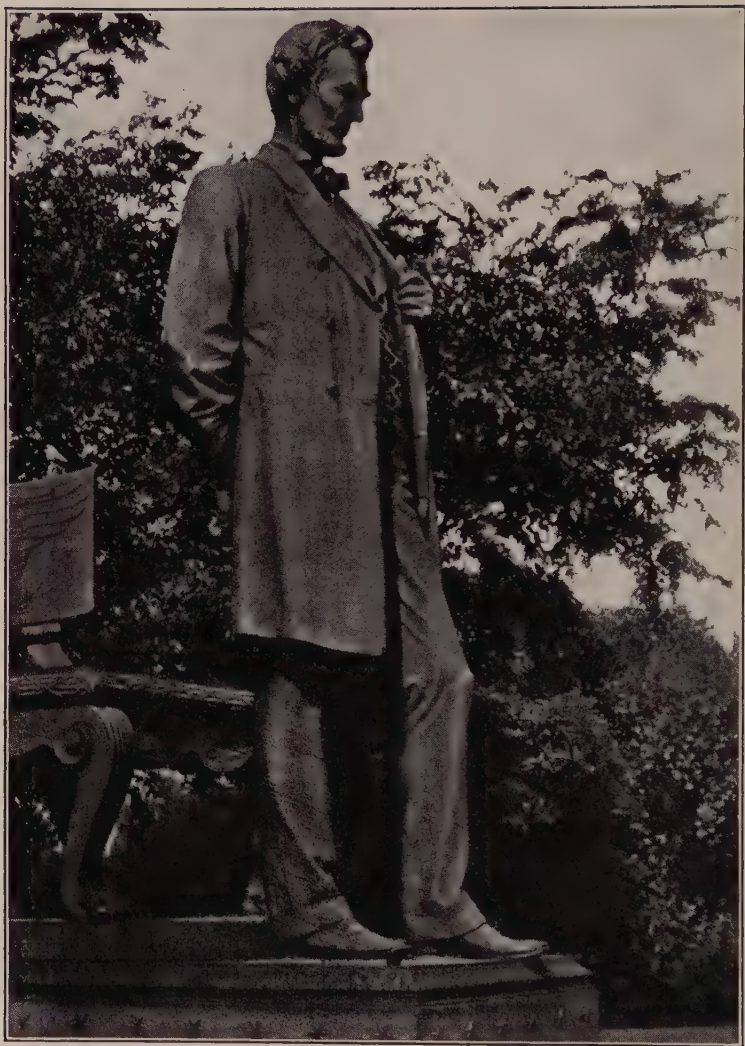
The picture was painted by an Englishman, George Frederick Watt. He was born in London in 1817. From his early youth he was interested in drawing and is said to have illustrated scenes of the Waverly novels at the age of twelve. Soon after he was twenty he won a prize of 300 pounds in a drawing contest which enabled him to visit Italy. There he studied in the Venetian school of painting.

All through the eighty-seven years of his quiet, uneventful life, he was interested in painting and sculpture. His generous gifts to his native country include about forty portraits in the National portrait gallery in London, also paintings to be found in the Tate gallery, London. One of its rooms is lined with the works of Watt, which critics call "pictorial representations of fundamental, vital truth." One of these which makes the strongest appeal to visitors is called "Love and Life."

"Sir Galahad" is perhaps the best known of Watt's pictures. Soon after it was finished, Mr. Watt gave it to Eton College, an English school for boys. No finer picture could be chosen for the chapel of a boy's college.

The artist reveals himself in his picture. The great truths of life that appealed to him he puts upon canvas in a way to uplift his fellow men. "He lived and worked upon the mountains of imagination." By symbols he has interpreted the facts of human experience.

What does the story of Sir Galahad mean? It means the longing, the striving of a human soul to find the best in life, the things that are really worth while. The Grail is a symbol of true wisdom and is attained only by forgetting self in loving service for others; and only the pure in heart, the strong in courage and love can attain it.



STATUE OF LINCOLN

Saint Gaudens

LINCOLN—Saint Gaudens

"Never was ruler so absolute as he, nor so little conscious of it, for he was the incarnate common sense of the people."

Coming out from the busy, bustling city, one may see near the entrance to Lincoln Park, Chicago, the statue of the man whom Lowell calls "The First American."

Approaching the entrance to the park, the observer's first impression is of the harmony of the group in its setting. The wide platform on which the figure stands is the joint work of St. Gaudens and the architect Stanford White. It is sixty feet wide by thirty feet in depth, and is surrounded on three sides by a curved stone seat. On this platform stands the pedestal which supports a massive chair and, in front of this, a tall bronze figure eleven and one-half feet high.

All this is seen at a glance. But approaching nearer, these details are lost. As one stands gazing at the strong, quiet figure, he feels that he is in the presence of a living personality.

Standing before the "chair of State" (symbolized by the American eagle carved in relief on the back) this great, calm man represents more than the executive leader,—a tower of courage, and intellect, and energy is this active worker—with a kindly forbearance and sympathy for all human kind. Without stepping near to read the inscriptions on the back of the stone seat which curves around the platform, we hear the words as falling from the lips of the great Lincoln, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to know the right, let us strive on;" and again, "Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Some one has said that we get out of a book just what we put into it. In a like sense, what we bring to any work of art from our own feelings and emotions, from our knowledge of what others have said or painted or written or sung determines largely our appreciation of it. The imagination, reinforced by knowledge, goes out to meet the artist half way.

But what shall we say of the artist whose penetration, imagination and genius enables him to idealize these facts? "Genius is the

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capacity of getting at the soul of things." St. Gaudens had this genius. He was able to enter into the ideals, ambitions, and desires that dominated the life of his subject. He stands before the formless clay, lost in contemplation. He thinks, he feels, he lives the life, and is inspired by the great ideals that controlled Lincoln's life. "Genius meets genius and the world receives a masterpiece" whose message thrills and quickens the awakened soul,—the man of imagination, the one who has "eyes to see and ears to hear."

David Graham Phillips' fine characterization of St. Gaudens' "Lincoln," is a worthy tribute to our greatest American sculptor.

"In Chicago, in Lincoln Park, there is a wonderful statue. A big slouching form, loose yet powerful; ungraceful, yet splendid because it seems to be able to bear upon its Atlantean shoulders the burdens of a mighty people. The big hands, the big feet, the great, stooped shoulders tell the same story of commonness and strength.

"Then you look at the face. You find it difficult to keep your hat upon your head.

"What a countenance! How homely, yet how beautiful; how stern, yet how gentle; how inflexible, yet how infinitely merciful; how powerful, yet how tender; how common, yet how sublime!

"Search the world through and you will find no greater statue than this. It is Lincoln; but it is also a great deal more. It is the glorification of the Common Man, the apotheosis of Democracy.

"As you look at that face and that figure you feel the history of the human race, the long, bloody, the agonized struggle of the masses of manhood for freedom and light. You see the whole history of your own country, founded by common men for the common people, founded upon freedom and equality and justice."

The statue is in the attitude of preparation to speak. What is that brain formulating for those lips to utter?

The expression of brow and eyes and lips leaves no doubt. It is some thought of freedom or justice, some one of those many mighty democratic thoughts which will echo forever in the minds and hearts of men.

Let us recall three of those thoughts. "The authors of the Declaration of Independence meant it to be a stumbling block to those who in after times might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism?

"That this nation under God should have a new birth in freedom,

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and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

"I say that no man is good enough to govern another man, without that other man's consent. This is the leading principle—the sheet? anchor.

"These were the ideas that found this country a few ragged settlements trembling between a hostile sea and a hostile wilderness and built it up to its present estate of democratic grandeur. Not tyranny, not murder disguised as war, not robbery disguised as 'benevolent guidance,' not any of the false and foolish ideas of imperialism and aristocracy. But ideas of peace, of equal rights for all, of self-government."

Augustus Saint Gaudens died eight years ago (1915) in his home in Cornish, N. H. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1848 of a French father and an Irish mother. He was brought to this country when he was six months old, his parents settling in New York City. He attended the public schools of New York until he was thirteen, when he was apprenticed to a cameo cutter, Avet, with whom he worked three years, after which he was employed for three years by a shell cameo cutter named Le Breton. During these two apprenticeships he studied drawing, attending night classes at Cooper Union for the first four years, thereafter the National Academy of Design.

At nineteen (in 1867) he went to Paris, working for three years in the studios of Jouffroy—continuing meanwhile his trade of cameo cutter as a means of support.

After two years in Rome he returned in 1872 to New York City, a trained and cultured student, and a practical workman imbued with the spirit of the Renaissance. The very essence of which is ruggedness, frankness and sincerity as opposed to the characterless, lifeless sand-papered marble of the period prior to Saint Gaudens' day.

Mr. Lorado Taft says of him, "He has been of his time as the masters of the early Renaissance were of theirs, taking the themes of current life, the portraits and memorials as they have come to him, and making of them works of enduring value."

In 1907 President Roosevelt wrote to the Numismatic Society, "You will be pleased to know that we are now completing a new coinage of the eagle and the double eagle designed by Saint Gaudens, than whom certainly there is no greater artistic genius—living in the United States or elsewhere."

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"But the great and true artist is more than the benefactor of his country; he is a benefactor of the human race. The body of Saint Gaudens is ashes; but his mind, his spirit, his character have taken on enduring forms—and are become a part of the inheritance of mankind. And if, in the lapse of years, his very name should be forgotten, yet his work will remain, and the world will be the richer in that he lived."—Kenyon Cox.

"His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also night to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly—earnest, brace, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

—Lowell's Commemoration Ode.



GRACE DABLING AND HER FATHER

GRACE DARLING AND HER FATHER—Brooks

"Be noble, sweet maid, and let who will be clever .
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song."

We shall hear the story of a brave girl who "did noble things, not dreamed them all day long." The artist Brooks has illustrated, in the picture before us, the story of her brave deed.

When Grace Darling was a little girl, she lived in a tall light-house that was built on one of the Farne Islands. Her father, William Darling, was the keeper of the light-house.

How do you suppose she spent her time all day long on this lonely island? No doubt she loved her rocky home, with the bright light above it, and the great ocean roaring around it. I think she loved to watch the waves dash against the rocks. Sometimes during a storm they were driven far up on the beach.

The long winter evenings were spent with books and lessons by the fireside. In summer, she was up early and out on the rocks to watch the sunrise. She liked to wade in the water near the sandy shore, and gather pretty shells and green seaweed. Then she would climb back over the rocks and sit for a long time looking at the sky, the clouds, and the sea birds skimming over the water. Sometimes a ship passed by. This was the most interesting thing that could happen. She wondered where they came from and where they were going.

Every evening Grace climbed with her father to the tower of the light-house to watch the lighting of the great lantern. How happy she was when she was old enough to light it herself! She knew the light shone far out at sea in every direction. Sometimes her father left her alone when he went out with the life-boats. It was a lonely life, but the brave little girl always kept the light burning. Why? What are some of the dangers at sea? Can boats and ships always come to shore even if near the land? Why not? A light-house is placed there to warn ships off these dangerous rocks.

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One wild, dark night, there was a great storm at sea. All through the night Grace could hear the angry waves dashing against the rocks. At last daylight came. A ship had been driven upon the cruel rocks and dashed to pieces. Many of the crew were drowned. The others were clinging to the floating masts and to pieces of the ship. Their cries of distress could be heard above the roar of the water. Grace roused her father. "O Father! Father! Come! There are lives to be saved! The boat! The boat! Let us launch the life-boat?"

The father looked out at the raging storm. He was an old man and knew the power of the mighty waves. "It is useless to risk our lives on such a sea. We would both be lost," he said. "But Father, we cannot stay here and see them die. We must try to save them," was the brave reply. Her father could not say "no." Quickly the heavy life-boat was made ready, and Grace leaped into it beside him. The tide was rising. The fierce waves dashed high. The brave little boat tottered and rocked, but strong arms grasped the oars. At last the sufferers are reached. Grace managed the boat alone while her father helped them one by one from the wreck. Through the strength and skill of his brave daughter, he was able to save nine lives. Grace pulled one oar and her father the other, and at last, with shouts of joy the light-house was reached. The poor shipwrecked ones were taken inside, where Grace tenderly cared for them until they were strong enough to go to their own homes.

What if Grace had stayed in the light-house and had said, "O the poor drowning men! I am so sorry for them! If something could only be done!" She did not pity them in that way but risked her own life to save them.

The light-house was no longer a lonely place, for visitors from all parts of the world came and brought presents and money to show how much they admired the courage and bravery of the girl who could "do noble things, not dream them all day long."

All this happened a long time ago but Grace Darling's name will never be forgotten.

If you should visit the little churchyard near her home by the sea, you would find a monument placed there in her honor. It is a figure carved in stone of a woman lying at rest, with the oar of a boat held in her right hand.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN—Rembrandt

In the Hermitage Gallery in Petrograd (St. Petersburg) hangs the original of this Portrait of an Old Woman. Altho her name is not known, we are attracted to the kindly, wrinkled old face and are interested to know that it appears many times in the works of Rembrandt, the greatest of the Dutch painters.

Some would-be critics who do not appreciate Rembrandt's work, say he is indifferent to beauty. It is admitted that his pictures lack that superficial quality of physical beauty that some require in a picture. But Rembrandt has shared Millet's larger idea of beauty. Do you remember Millet's definition? That great French painter of peasant life says that "Beauty is Expression." Like Millet again, Rembrandt had a sympathetic insight into the lives of his fellow men and was able to interpret the secrets of humanity and reveal character.

Do you think this a beautiful picture? Why? (Distinguish between pretty and beautiful.)

Bishop Lewis once said, "We can't all be good **looking**, but we can be **good** looking; . . . which is another way of saying that the expression of the face reveals character. It is shown more plainly in the faces of very young or the old? Which tell the most interesting stories of life?

When Bishop Lewis said, "A man is responsible for his face after he is twenty," he meant that the kind of thoughts and feelings one entertains will make their impressions upon the face, and finally leave their permanent record there. So that, though one may have very plain and homely features, still the face may be beautiful, because one lives with kindly, unselfish and beautiful thoughts.

So we see behind the wrinkled, homely features of this dear old Grandma, the beauty of the inner life, the refinement of soul that shines out in the face. Looking at the picture, we can read the story of her life. It has been a life of love and toil, of joy and sorrow and patient self-sacrifice. The knotted, wrinkled hands folded across her lap tell us that her life work is done. They have been busy hands, ministering perhaps to the needs of two generations. They have fondled the baby on her knee, and guided the steps of little feet. They



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD WOMAN

Rembrandt

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

have woven and shaped the garments of the growing youth, and have been ever busy with knitting, mending, spinning and weaving. They have kneaded the bread and garnished the hearth; but now their labor of love is ended. Children and grandchildren have grown up and gone out from the home nest to take care of themselves, and the grandmother too.

She sits in her comfortable arm chair, neatly dressed, with white kerchief and shawl about her shoulders, and a loose hood drooping over her forehead. Now in "the twilight of life" she has time to sit down and rest. Of what is she thinking? No doubt her thoughts are far away from her present surroundings. Her patient face wears a wistful look as if she were musing of some long lost treasure. Now it is lighted with peace as she looks from the shadow of the past into the brighter future. Let us hope hers were manly sons and womanly daughters, worthy of her faithful training and unselfish devotion.

How does the artist so well reveal the character in this face? By the skillful way in which he combines the light and shadow in the picture. Where is the high light in the picture? Notice how it shades into darker tints from the face down over the white kerchief and the hands. In the mastery of light and shade Rembrandt was supreme.

In describing one of Rembrandt's pictures of his mother, Josef Israels has the following to say, "It is impossible to find anything more exquisite than this engraving. Motherly kindness, sweetness, and thoughtfulness are expressed in every curve, in the slightest touch of the needle. Each line has a meaning; not a single touch could have been left out without injury to the whole."

Rembrandt has been called "The Prince of Etchers," and again "The King of Shadows." Of his method Bacon says, "The miracle in Rembrandt's painting is the deep, impenetrable shadow, in which nevertheless one can see form and outline, punctuated with wonderful explosions of light. Nothing like it has ever been seen. It is the most dramatic work in the world, and the most powerful in its effect. Other men have painted light and colour; Rembrandt makes gloom and shadow living things." It is said that Rembrandt loved certain effects of shadow so well that he often sacrificed his subjects' good looks to his artistic purpose and not being so accommodating as the flattering Van Dyck, many of his sitters were displeased.

Another title which shows Rembrandt's place in the art world is "the Shakespeare of Painting."

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

He was not honored by courts and kings as was Van Dyck, but worked in a quieter fashion. The 16th century seems to have been little concerned with personalities, so the details of Rembrandt's life were not recorded. Accordingly he has suffered at the hands of his first biographers, who set him down as boorish, light-headed, reckless and extravagant with an explosive temper and with no capacity for business.

Rembrandt van Ryn was born in Leyden, sometime between 1604 and 1607. His father was a wealthy miller. As a lad, Rembrandt was not an industrious scholar, but though he cared little for school, we may be sure he was fascinated by his surroundings in the pleasant city of Leyden, his childhood home. The windmills, whose great arms were never at rest, the dykes, the canals and slowly moving barges appealed to the imagination and to the eye of the youthful artist. And though he sat unmoved at the bottom of his class, the butt of his companions, he was later to do a work in the world that no one of them could accomplish.

Before he was sixteen years of age, he entered the studio of Jacob Van Swanenburch. At the end of three years he had made such rapid progress that he was sent to Amsterdam, where he finally established a studio. In the wealthy Dutch capital he found many patrons. Here also came enthusiastic pupils from many countries for admission to his studio. We read that Amsterdam responded well to his genius, that he hardly knew what to do with the money and commissions that flowed in upon him. The best use he made of his changing fortune was to become engaged to Saskia, a wealthy young lady in the city, whose portrait Rembrandt had painted three times.

Saskia was destined to live many centuries, through the genius of her husband. A succession of portraits, which are distributed throughout the world's greatest galleries, show that Rembrandt continued to paint his wife with loving pride. The love between them seems to have been the brightest spot in Rembrandt's history. As one writer has expressed it, Saskia was a ray of sunshine in the perpetual *chiaroscuro* of his life."

The magnificent home where he and Saskia were so happy, was an art gallery in itself. In his studio he had collected all sorts of finery to use in his pictures,—jewels, laces, gold embroidery, cloaks and oriental stuffs. He loved to paint Saskia in costume, heightening her girlish charms with the play of the light upon her splendid pearls, velvets and satins.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

The making of an art collection for which he paid extravagant prices, the purchase of rich jewels for Saskia, together with his open handed generosity and luxurious living, began to play havoc with Rembrandt's estate. With the death of Saskia in 1642 his difficulties increased and six years later he was adjudged bankrupt.

In the same year that Saskia died, Rembrandt painted the famous "Night Watch," the most discussed of all his works. He has left to the world between five and six hundred pictures.

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PORTRAIT OF WOMAN WITH RUFF—Rembrandt

This portrait of an old woman in white cap and ruff is found in the National Gallery and is also a world famed work.

In this, Rembrandt shows the dignity of old age. We see the dreamy, inward gazing eyes of old womanhood. Here too, as we study the face of this woman of eighty years or more, we see the trace of care, but sorrow has left the benign old soul unsoured. Rembrandt has never been surpassed in his dramatic power to state character. His wonderful brush has given to this face a spiritual intensity that grows more fascinating with continued study.

In a History of Painting, Vol. V., the Dutch genius, Macfall has this to say of the National Gallery portrait:

"Never were the pathos and serenity of old age rendered with greater power than in this compelling and wonderful painting by a man of twenty-eight. The painted surface yields forth the very thought of the living being. Lighted with consummate art, painted as by magic, the nation possesses in this picture one of the most supreme masterpieces ever wrought by the hand of man. The character, the soul, the very breath of the living body move and have reality. The National Gallery possesses this immortal portrait, in which Rembrandt signs and dates the fact that he has come into his kingdom."



PORTRAIT OF WOMAN WITH RUFF
Rembrandt

THE WINDMILL—Ruysdael

Our study takes us to "The Land of Windmills." Who is not familiar with the story of "A Leak in the Dike?" Holland is a very low country, so that, in some places the sea must be kept out by great bulwarks made strong by the patient labor of the people. The whole country is drained by hundreds of canals into which the water is forced from the lowest lands and ditches, by great windmills. These "towering sentinels" relieve the flatness of the landscape and give a charm to the picture. With its windmills, its waterways, its unique sail boats and red roofed houses, the land of the quaint Dutch people furnished an interesting sketching ground for its artists.

In "Sketches of Great Painters" by Dallin, we read that "Dutch art did not begin to develop a character of its own until Holland became independent of Belgium in the beginning of the 17th century. Before then, Dutch artists followed the teachings of the Flemish masters; but the birthday of the nation was also the birthday of its art, which rapidly developed in a striking and original way. As Holland was a republic and the people were Protestants, there were no splendid churches or stately places for artists to decorate; and as the people no longer believed in legends and traditions that formed the subjects of a large part of the pictures of other lands, many of the Dutch artists naturally devoted themselves to painting portraits and landscapes."

THE ARTIST

Among the greatest of Holland's landscape painters is Jacob von Ruysdael (Rois'dahl).

Very little is accurately known of his life, except that he was born and died at Haarlem, 1625 being the approximate date of his birth. He was educated as a physician but his artistic talent was so marked that eventually he made painting his profession.

Ruysdael's early works were chiefly views of his native town. Later, it is thought, he must have traveled a great deal, particularly



THE WINDMILL

Ruysdael

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

in Norway, because he has so often painted wild mountain scenery not found in his own peaceful Holland. Some writers think he copied these features from pictures of other painters, since no record of travel exists. However, we must grant him a wonderful imagination and a sympathetic feeling in his portrayal of nature. One critic says, "The great power of this artist, who stands alone among his brother painters for delicacy of mind and a singular superiority of education, lies in his sentiment. The veiled light of Holland is the image of his soul; no one feels more exquisitely its melancholy sweetness."

No doubt this mysterious melancholy in his pictures kept them from far less than their real value.

In his last days he suffered from want and illness. He died in a hospital in his native town.

His pictures number over four hundred. Many of them are in England, fourteen in the National Gallery. Others are seen in the galleries of Dresden, Berlin and Paris.

"THE WINDMILL"

The name of this simple Dutch scene is a "View on the Rhyne near Wyk-by-Duurstede" but it is more commonly known as "The Mill," for that is the principal feature of the picture.

A quiet river is shown, into which projects a point of land, with a glimpse of the distant buildings of the town.

Of what use is the breakwater seen in the foreground? Do you think it is strong enough to break the force of the waves in time of storm?

Above this quiet scene looms the quaint windmill with arms outstretched to catch the first breeze.

The dark mass of clouds at the left and their reflection on the water balance the landscape at the right. The artist has shown wonderful skill in painting the sky.

A stillness pervades the picture. What shows this? The boats are anchored. The sails are flat. No wind ruffles the smooth surface of the water. The dark clouds suggest the ominous silence that comes just before a storm. We feel the tremendous forces of nature, but a profound calm withal, for the great mill stands stern and rugged, a symbol of trust and assurance in the midst of the threatening elements.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

Gay color, sunlight and blue sky are never a part of Ruysdael's pictures. Invariably "mournful" grays, "sad" greens and sober browns predominate. Report says that Ruysdael was a grave, melancholy man. He seems to have made use of landscapes to express his philosophy of life.

John C. Van Dyke says of his work, "This model which Ruysdael portrays for us has not the radiant joy of Corot. It is a mystic, somber sentiment that holds us by its pervasiveness."

LANDSCAPE WITH WATERFALL

This scene displays the fine poetic spirit of the artist, and is perhaps the most pleasing of all his pictures. We are attracted by the romantic features of nature. The pine trees and crags against a stormy sky, the gnarled and twisted trees on the hill side, the dashing foam of the Waterfall, all tell us of Ruysdael's sympathetic feeling for the wild and restless in nature.

Compare these two with other works by the same painter, among which are "Wooded Landscape with Waterfall," "Bentheim Castle," "Landscape Spring," "A Hilly Landscape," "The Tempest," "Marine View," "A Fresh Breeze," "The Swamp" and "Views of Haarlem from the Dunes of Overveen."

The pictures used this month will suggest some correlative work in practical geography teaching. Studying land forms leads, by a study of causes, to an understanding of the relations between the earth and man.

The canals, the windmills, the herds, the dairy products, the pottery of Holland, are all the results of geographic conditions. The tidal marshes, too wet for most crops, produce rich, green grass, hence the countless herds seen everywhere. The canals serve as fences and as there are few roads, they become the natural means of travel and communication. The windmills, turned by the winds that steadily blow unobstructed from the North Sea, do a constant and very necessary work. The Delft China, so much admired, is made from clay deposited in the lagoons by the river Rhine.

DANCE OF THE NYMPHS—Corot

What a choice bit of woodland loveliness! We are carried away from the work-a-day world into fairyland, which seems to be o'erspread with a veil of silver mist.

It is daybreak in early summer. The nymphs of dell and grove are out for a morning frolic. From here and there they come tripping to join the dance. Their fairy feet scarcely touch the ground. Like birds and butterflies on the wing are these dainty fairy folk of the woodland. The perfumed breath of the morning stirs the fresh green leaves. Their whispered music mingles with the songs of birds and the joy and laughter of the circling dancers.

The air is saturated with a gray mist, light and floating, which veils the sky and conceals the meadows and hills in the open beyond. Presently the sun will burst forth and lift the veil. Then these graceful sylvan sprites will vanish and hide until the dawn of another new day.

"The Dance of the Nymphs" is an artists' dream of a beautiful world filled with exquisite poetry and music. It is the "essence of things" that the poet painter, Corot, meant us to feel. He gives us not the hard facts of nature but the feeling of nature.

SPRING

In this picture Corot is representing the joys of a glad spring day.

"When Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground."

It is early spring. The trees are dressed in delicate green. The mist is rising from the lake. The play of misty light and shadow makes us feel that we are in dreamland. We hear the song of early birds, and the rustle of leaves. New life, and joy, and freshness are everywhere. No artist has painted more beautiful trees. We learn to know Corot's trees by their exquisite tracery against the sky.



DANCE OF THE NYMPHS

Corot

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

THE ARTIST

In the home of a prosperous shop keeper in Paris, on a July morning in 1796, was born a little son, who was to become the foremost landscape painter in France,—a master of immortal masterpieces, “the greatest poet and the tenderest soul of the nineteenth century.”

His full name was Jean Baptiste Camille Corot (pronounced Zhahn Bah-teest Cah-mee-yel Coh-roh'). Children in France often have as many names as that.

Corot's early life was spent within city walls. When he was ten his father sent him to a boarding school in Rouen, where he remained seven years. After his return from school, he was employed in a cloth merchant's establishment, for his father had determined to make a merchant of his son.

But measuring cloth and tying up bundles was very distasteful to Corot. He preferred to work with a brush, rather than a yardstick. All this time his artistic tendencies were growing. He made sketches whenever he could and hid them under the counter when a customer approached. Bill heads and commercial papers were covered with drawings of trees, winding rivers and bits of landscape.

Corot was so fortunate as to have for a friend and companion, the young painter Michallon, who helped him to master the rudiments of his art.

He spent his vacations at his father's country home in Ville d'Avroy, a quiet hamlet by the shores of a lake. Here it is said he used to sit for hours at night at his open window, after all the family were asleep, watching the trees, the silvery moon, the fleecy clouds and bright stars, glimmering in the lake. At other times, when the vapors rose from the lake, in strange shapes, he would imagine the fairies were floating across the lake and would fancy a fairy dance going on under the trees.

Corot's was a dreamy, poetic nature, and his fanciful dreams afterward came true, when he painted these early impressions and memory pictures.

After eight dreary years in the draper's shop, Corot begged his father to allow him to give up commercial life and become a painter. His father was disappointed that his only son should wish to give up “a useful and honorable business to dabble in paints,” but he finally consented, and gave him a yearly allowance besides.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

So Corot worked and studied unhampered by early struggles to maintain himself and put into his paintings all the joy and rhythm and gayety of his nature.

For two years he studied in the art schools of Paris, but his instruction was of the exact, conventional type. His feeling for the picturesque caused him to rebel against this abstract, "arid" style of painting. Working within studio walls did not satisfy him and he was not happy until he got away from the city, into "God's out of doors" where he could study nature in all her varying moods. "No two hours of the day are just alike," he would say. "You cannot put both on one canvas."

In one of Corot's letters to his friend Dupre, he describes a day with Nature. It is a prized bit of art literature and helps us to understand how Corot caught the spirit of the early morning or the evening hours and put it into his pictures.

A PAINTER'S DAY

A landscape painter's day is delightful. He gets up early, at three in the morning, before sunrise. He goes and sits under a tree and watches and waits.

There is not much to be seen at first. Nature resembles whitish canvas on which are sketched scarcely the profiles of some masses; everything smells sweet, and shines in the fresh breath of dawn. Bing! The sun grows bright, but has not yet torn aside the veil behind which lie concealed the meadows, the dale, and hills of the horizon. The vapors of night still creep, like silvery flakes over the numbered green vegetation. Bing! Bing!—a first ray of sunlight—a second ray of sunlight—the little flowers seem to be waking in a joyful mood and each one of them is drinking its drop of quivering dew. The leaves feel the cold and are moving to and fro in the morning air. Under the leaves the unseen birds are singing—it sounds as if the flowers were singing their morning prayer.

We can see nothing, but the landscape, all perfect, behind the translucent gauze of the mist which rises—rises—rises, inhaled by the sun, and as it rises discloses the river, silver and scaled, the meads, the trees, the cottages, the vanishing distance. We can distinguish now all that we divined before. The sun is risen. A peasant crosses the field, and a cart and oxen. All things break forth into glistening and

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

glittering and shining in a full flood of light, of pale, caressing light. * * * It is adorable! and I paint—and I paint * * * The sun grows hot—the flowers droop—the birds are silent. Let us go home. We can see too much now. There is nothing in it.

And home we go, and dine and sleep, and dream; and I dream of the morning landscape. I dream my picture and presently I will paint my dream.

His description of evening is equally beautiful.

"The sun is setting now in an explosion of yellow, of orange, of cherry, of purple. Ah, that is pretentious and vulgar—I don't like that, I shall wait, and so will the patient, thirsty flowers, who know that the sylphs of the evening are presently coming to sprinkle them with vapors of dew. At last, in purple and gold the sun sinks out of sight. Night drowns—the fresh air sighs among the leaves—the dew decks the velvety grass with pearls. A star in the sky pricks its portrait in the pond—anon a second star—three—six—twenty stars! All the stars in the sky have made a tryst to meet in this happy pool. All ground now is darkness and gloom—the little lake only is sparkling. All yields to illusion. The sun has gone to bed. The inner sun—the sun of the soul—the sun of art is rising. Bon!—there is my picture done."

—From Corot's Letter.

In 1825, when Corot was hardly thirty, he went to Italy to study. He was warmly welcomed by the artists there, for his sunny nature made him a favorite everywhere. Eight years later Corot visited Italy again, traveling only in the northern part and spending much time in Venice. Italy gave him a broader experience in the world of art and a refinement in his work which has been spoken of as "the poetry of a classic idea."

His landscapes were not appreciated at first. They were different from all the work of other artists and were not understood. He was 40 years old before he sold his first picture and not until he was 50 did he receive any real recognition. But at last his pictures were in great demand and big prices were paid for them. When wealth came, he showed himself to be the most generous of men. He gave freely to help the poor, struggling artists, and expended a large amount during the Siege of Paris for the relief of the needy. One of the last acts of his life was to set aside an annual pension for the poor widow of Millet, his brother artist in France. He was beloved by all who knew him.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

Because of his generous ways he was called "Pere Corot" (Father Corot) by his fellow-artists; who caused a medal to be made in his honor just before his death in 1875.

Corot has taught the world how to see and love nature. He has taught us to appreciate the life of the trees, the sunshine, the sky, silvery mist and the freshness of early morning.

Several of his pictures are owned in the United States. His "Lake at Ville d' Avray" is in the Museum of Arts, New York. Other pictures are "Spring," "The Willows," "The Birch Grove," "Dance of the Nymphs—Evening." Our study, the "Dance of the Nymphs—Morning," is in the Louvre, in Paris.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

AURORA—Guido Reni

"From dewy shade emerging bright
Aurora streaks the sky with light."

Who has seen the sunrise? What colors were in the sky? Describe the tinted clouds. How long before sunrise does it begin to grow light?

Here is a picture to represent sunrise or dawn. (Observation and free expression.) Where are these people? Above or below the clouds? We see the earth far below. Is it dark or light? Does the picture show motion? How? Are these supposed to be real people? Can you tell what the picture means?

It is the story of dawn as described in old Greek mythology. Retold through the centuries, by poets as well as painters, it has never lost its charm.

The Greek Legend

A very long time ago, the people of far-away Greece believed that the sun was a great chariot of fire drawn by flying steeds, and that Phoebus Apollo was the Sun-God. At his approach, Diana, the beautiful queen of night, put out the stars and gathered up the moonbeams. Then the morning star only was seen.

Around the car of Phoebus Apollo danced the hours of the day, who must accompany him on his journey.

Aurora, the Goddess of Dawn, was loveliest and best loved of all the deities. It was she who opened the gates of the sky to let the sun-king pass through. Then on she flew before the golden chariot, to waken the sleeping earth. At her coming, darkness melted away and every living thing rejoiced.

THE PICTURE

Look at the picture again. Can you find Aurora? What does she carry? Is she moving swiftly? How can you tell? How beautifully the artist has drawn the broad sweeping lines of her garments. Float-



AURORA

Guido Reni

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

ing gracefully ahead, wafted by morning breezes, she scatters flowers over the sleeping world below.

How many horses are there? What are they drawing? Who is driving? Where is the strongest light in the picture? Why around Apollo? He is the center of all this splendor—the monarch of the sunrise. See how his muscles stand out. With what ease his strong arms guide his fiery steeds. Who just ahead seems to herald his approach? What is Cupid bearing? This torch represents the Morning star.

Who are dancing around the chariot? Hand in hand the circling hours advance on fleecy clouds. Which ones seem the gayest, the most youthful? These seem to have the freshness and beauty of the morning hours. Which do you think represent the afternoon hours? Why? Do the maidens on the farther side of the car seem less merry as if they were conscious of the declining day? Do you think any are hidden by the chariot?

With what airy grace they tread the golden pathway. Their flowing draperies are blown back in the morning breeze as is the cloak of Apollo, as he bends forward directing the course of the galloping horses.

Onward across the heavens whirls the glorious car with the aerial host, on its mission to open day to the world below.

THE ORIGINAL

For many years this great masterpiece has been copied and reproduced by photography and engraving. The original picture was painted by Guido Reni, an Italian artist. It is on the ceiling of a room in the Rospigliosi Palace in Rome. Thousands of people visit it every year. Opposite the entrance, paneled mirrors are placed so that when the visitors become tired with the strain of looking up at the fresco they may see it perfectly reflected in the mirrors.

We are told that the coloring of the picture is as fresh and beautiful as when it was painted, more than three hundred years ago.

This is what critics have said of it:

"It is as if the artist has filled his brush with the crimson and purple and gold of the rainbow, brightened with the fresh tints of the sunrise."

"Worth a journey to Rome to see."

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

"Certainly, taking all in all, the most perfect painting in the last 200 years."

"The grace of the arrangement, the rhythm of the gestures, and the striking onward sense of movement seize the spectator at once."

What may we gain from the picture?

Although we know that gods and goddesses do not exist, and that the world has long since ceased to believe this old Greek legend, it does not affect our appreciation of the "Aurora," nor hinder our getting the artist's message. For is not the glory of the sunrise a marvel to us, as it was a mystery to the Greeks of old? Have we not seen "Apollo's arrows of gleaming gold" pierce the soft crimson clouds of the eastern sky? But we know that the God of Day, who makes the beauty of the morning, is the Creator of all things. And when the eastern sky is ablaze and all the earth is radiant with the sunrise glow, our hearts are thrilled and uplifted and we are made better because of it.

THE ARTIST

Guido Reni (Gwee'-do Ray'-nee) was an Italian artist, born at Bologna, Italy, in 1575. He died in 1642.

There was a time when for three hundred years Italy produced the greatest artists of the world. Guido Reni was born at the close of this period, when the glory of art began to wane. His father was a well known musician, and intended that his son should follow the same profession. But though Guido loved music, he loved painting better, and as often as he dared, would run away from the harpsichord, and spend his time making sketches.

In the studio of the Flemish painter, Calvaert, he advanced so rapidly that at thirteen he was teaching some of the other pupils.

At twenty he entered the school of Carracci. Soon the work of the youthful Guido Reni began to attract attention. His fame spread through Italy. Twenty years of his life were spent in Rome. Later he returned to Bologna.

At one time he had not less than eighty pupils from nearly every nation of Europe.

He received generous praise, and large sums of money for his work. A French writer says he was the "most admired, most fortunate, most worldly artist, and most spoiled by contemporary praise."

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

At last he lived in great luxury and gave himself up to expensive habits which involved him in serious difficulties. During the last fifteen years of his life in spite of the promise of his youth, he lost most of his fame as well as his fortune. As his character weakened his work became feebler. Finally in order to meet his heavy losses, he "gave himself to painting hastily and unworthily."

Guido's works are classed as historical, mythological and portraiture. To which class does "Aurora" belong? His best works are characterized by gracefulness, rhythm, and ingenious arrangement of composition.

Other pictures by Guido are "The Assumption of the Virgin," "Massacre of the Innocents," "St. Sebastian," "Youthful Bacchus," and the so-called "Beatrice Cenci." But the "Aurora" is by far his greatest work.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

OXEN PLOWING—Bonheur

Perhaps no painter of animals has enjoyed greater popularity than has Rosa Bonheur.

She belonged to a family of artists. Her father was her teacher. She was his best pupil, surpassing her brother who became also a noted artist. Her passion was the painting of animal pictures. Dressed as a boy, with short hair, blouse and trousers, she climbed fences, visited stock yards, going among the stables and horse fairs of Paris—and to all sorts of places where she might study animals. She was a student of nature as well, roaming the country side, learning the ways of shepherd life and tramping through fields, watching the farmers at their plowing, sowing and reaping.

Among her finest pictures is "Oxen Plowing." The best known and most famous is "The Horse Fair."

OXEN PLOWING

The spirit of industry is represented in this simple but fascinating scene. The broad field, stretching away for miles into the misty distance tempts the eye and makes one wish for a more extended view of this pleasant landscape. The freshly plowed field, the rolling meadow, the orchards and tree covered hillside beyond, make a charming background for our picture while the fine teams of oxen, as the central point of interest, with the play of light and shadow upon their glossy coats attract interest and admiration.

The artist, inspired by the heroism of the sturdy peasant as he labors in seed time and harvest, gives us the message of the faithful toilers, content with the reward of the bountiful harvest which nature gives.

CLASS STUDY

What does this scene represent? What country is the artist probably picturing? In what country did she live? How many of you have ever seen plowing done? What animals were used? What interests you



OXEN PLOWING

Bonheur



THE HORSE FAIR

Rosa Bonheur

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

most in this picture? Why are oxen used here? Is much of the ground already plowed? Is it hard work for the oxen? See how their strong knotted muscles stand out! They climb the slope, plowing their way across the long field as if they were proud of their great strength. How are they geared together? Which pair of oxen do you like best? Why do they make the best leaders? See how tightly the chain from yoke to yoke is drawn. Does this show any shirking on the part of the first pair? With a steady gait they forge ahead, up the slight rise, as if they were determined to do their part in making ready for the planting. Are the next pair as willing workers? But the watchful driver will not let them lag behind. One rebellious animal tosses his head at the uplifted rod, but with his companion moves a little faster.

It takes all the strength of one man to guide the heavy plowshare as it turns the steaming soil from the furrows. Do you know the odor of freshly plowed ground? What time of day do you think it is? Why do you think so? (What do the shadows tell? Also the amount of plowing done?) The men have removed their coats, for the afternoon sun shines hot as they trudge across the fields. Do you think this is rich fertile ground? Why? So as the fruit of his labor the peasant toiler may bring "Health to himself and to his infant, bread." At evening these French farmers will hear the welcome music of the Angelus bells. Then they will rest from their hard, weary labor. Now they toil cheerfully, for they know that in the cottages among the trees, loved ones are waiting for their return.

THE HORSE FAIR

Have you ever been to a fair? Then you know how everyone brings the best of his products to show and to sell. In Paris every year men brought to the fair their most beautiful horses, for the crowds of people to see and admire and perhaps buy. The people of Paris and all about the city loved to come and see the large noble horses gallop and prance about, as their strong owners held them tightly by the rein.

Here Rosa Bonheur would go every year and sketch the horses as she saw them, with proud arching necks and flowing manes. Then, after a year and a half of enthusiastic work in her studio, standing on a ladder and painting upon a canvas nearly eight feet high and twice as wide; came this wonderful picture, which is so life-like that we fancy

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

we can hear the sound of hoofs as the horses prance and gallop upon the hard ground.

We know that the fair is just at the edge of the city. Why? (Because we can see the dome of the capitol building in the distance.) Here to the right, is the track where the racing goes on. See the two iron gray horses right in front. How proud and stately they trot, held back by the strong arm of their rider, whose muscles are knotted so tightly in his effort to control them. Just behind them is a black colt and a white horse, both rearing into the air. The driver is whipping the colt trying to make him act as he should. Perhaps if he were kinder he could tame him more easily. Which horses will be in the best shape when they get to the fair? (The ones that have been handled gently.) What do you think of the little pony by his side? He is trotting along just as he should, without even a driver, and is setting a very good example for the black colt that is so unruly. Then just behind the pony is another beautiful horse, trotting along so gallantly. The man who has him by the bridle must be very proud to have such a horse.

So wonderful was this picture after it was painted that when it was hung in the art gallery no one could talk of another picture but the Horse Fair. It was carried to England and America, and exhibited all over the world. Finally a man from our United States, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt bought it, paying nearly sixty thousand dollars for it. He gave it to a museum in New York City. There you may go sometime and see for yourselves, this most noted of Rosa Bonheur's pictures.

THE ARTIST

Far across the ocean many years ago lived a little girl, whose name was Rosa Bonheur. Her father was an artist and little Rosa loved to watch him work. How happy she was when she received a little box of paints and could paint for herself. She painted a little kitten and showed it to her father. He laughed and told her it did not look much like a kitten, but said she should keep on trying.

Sometimes she would take her lunch and paint box and go into the big outdoors where she would make friends with a shy rabbit or a shaggy dog and study their movements. In the evening she would go home tired and happy with a picture of her animal friends.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

When she was old enough to go to school, how hard it was for her to sit and study. She did not like the lessons but when the time came to draw she was happy. Her teacher often praised her work.

She kept on trying and when her father saw how she loved the work, he let her come into his studio with him and work. How proud she was then and I am sure she tried harder than ever. Sometimes her father would let her help him on his picture and her work was always well done. Sometimes she would be so interested she would forget to eat. Often she would go into the fields and watch an ox or a lamb for hours to see just how they looked. That was why her pictures were so good and her animals looked so natural.

At one time the Bonheur family lived in the top story of a house in Paris. Rosa had a pet lamb which was kept on the flat roof of the house. Her brother often carried it upon his shoulders down to a green field nearby where it could run and frolic. She put this lamb into many of her pictures.

By and by she could paint better than her father and often sold her pictures for good prices. Soon she had earned money enough to buy a beautiful home in the country. Here she had room enough to keep many pets. She was glad they did not need to be caged up, but could be in the wide out of doors as God meant them to be. She had a pet lion Nero who loved her so that whenever she went away he was so lonesome he would not eat. Do you know any of her pictures of this lion.

Rosa Bonheur spent all of her life as an artist and many of her pictures have become famous because they look so natural.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

MODES OF PAINTING

Oil Painting: in which pigments of color are mixed with a drying oil, invented by the Flemish painter Van Dyck, 1386-1440.

Water Color: is painting in pigments with which water instead of oil is used as a solvent.

Pastel: is dry painting, drawing made with colored chalks or crayons.

Monochrome: a painting in one color.

Etching: an engraving in which lines are first drawn upon a brass or copper plate (usually copper) and are produced by action of an acid.

Fresco: Painting on wet plaster, with which the colors become permanently incorporated. It may be either a picture or ornamental design.

Mural Painting: interior decorations, chiefly in fresco.

Cartoon (Fine Arts): A full size design or study to serve as a model. A pattern, or design, on paper to be reproduced in fresco, mosaic, or tapestry. Also a pictorial caricature.

Mosaic: Representative by means of small pieces of glass, wood, stone or other material, fixed upon a surface with some adhesive substance.

DEPARTMENTS OF PAINTING

All painting may be classified in four divisions:

I. Historical: All designs which represent man in any of his relations, as historic person, places, scenes and events; including

Portraits, representative of face and figure in colors.

Genre (Zohn-r) phases of common life, as domestic interiors, rural or village scenes.

Allegory, figures having a symbolic meaning.

Myth, legendary characters and scenes.

II. Landscape Painting: Natural scenery composed chiefly of fields, mountains, woods (Inland Views); water scenery (marine views); buildings and monumental works of man (Architectural Views).

III. Animal Painting: All representatives in which living animals are the central objects of attention.

PICTURE STUDIES FROM GREAT ARTISTS

IV. Still Life: All imitations of the appearance of inanimate objects—as fruit, dead game, etc.

To which department of painting does our picture this month belong? Classify all we have studied.

QUESTIONS

Which picture that we have studied have you liked best?

Which one would you choose for a boy's room? Which one for a child's room? Which would you like best for the schoolroom?

Name of a Dutch artist. A Spanish artist. An English artist. An Italian artist.

Which artist was so generous that he gave away many of his paintings, most of them to his native country?

What artist, himself an orphan boy, began by painting waifs and beggars on the street?

What artist was a pupil teacher at thirteen?

Which artist is said to have been the greatest genius that ever lived?

Which artist in his work preferred dull, sober colors and cloudy skies, to gay colors, sunlight and blue skies?

What country has produced many of the world's greatest artists?

Which pictures studied are classed as mythological; which ones as landscapes, which as religious? Which portray human experience? Which belong to the world's great masterpieces? Has an artist so emphasized a dignity or beauty that you, unconscious of this quality in the original, realize it in the picture?

Have you been helped to look at nature through artists' eyes?

Vacation is at hand. Let us open our minds to beauty and learn to see. For a week at least try going to bed so early that you can get up in time to see sunrises. If you can feel with Henry Turner Bailey that "ever after somehow you and the sunrise are personal friends, intimate, with secret understandings" it will be well worth while.

Acquire the happy habit of looking for beauty in the commonplace things. "Wherever water flows, or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by clouds or sown with stars, wherever are outlets into celestial space, there is beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee."

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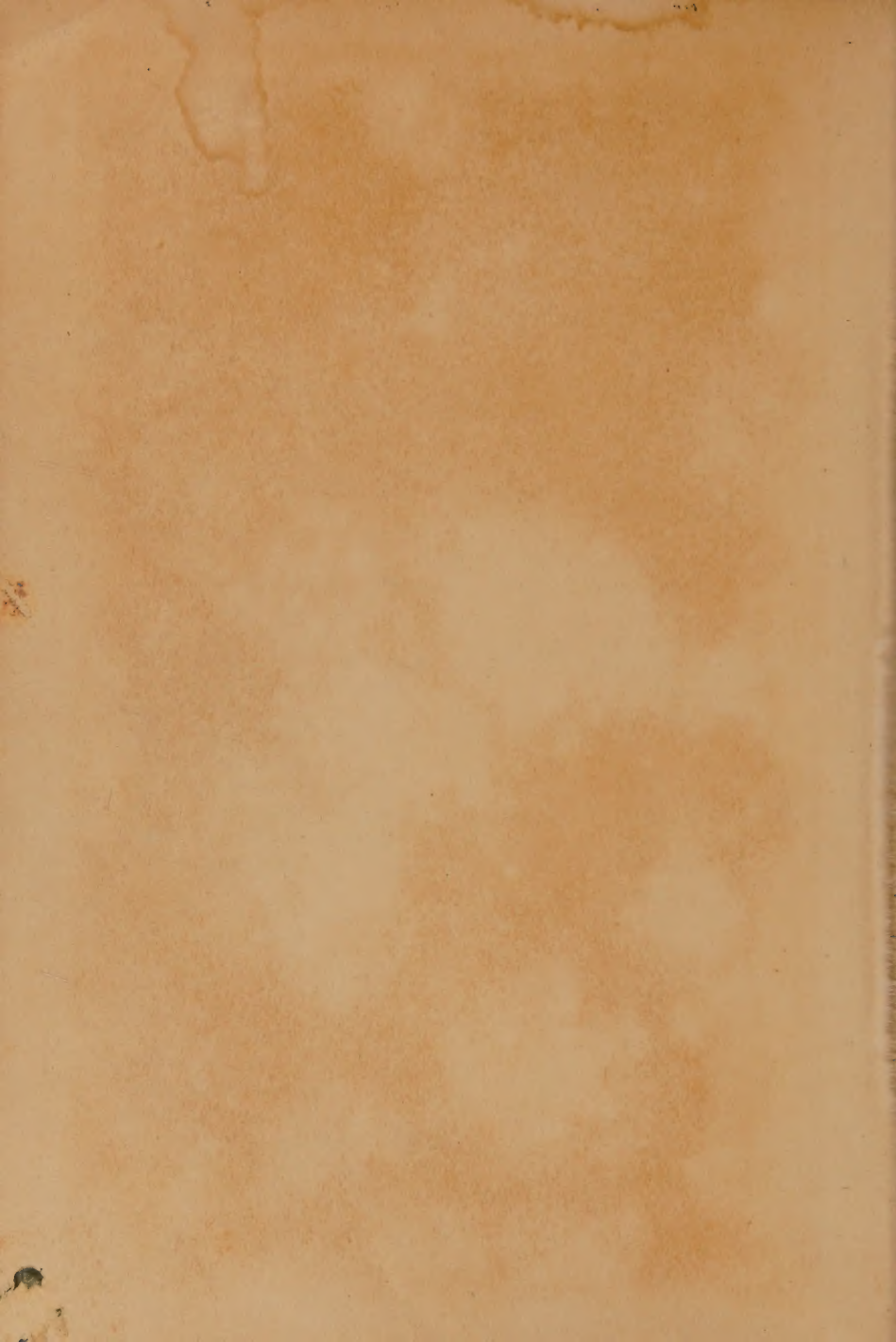
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